

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE is the truest Diogenes of these times. Pushed aside by the strong hand of a peculiar genius into a corner, he has thence marked and remarked strangely, angularly, yet truly, upon man and the universe; and to that corner men are now beginning to flock, and the tub is towering into an oracle, and those rugged flame-words are fast becoming law! In the course of his career, his mind has gone through two different phases. In the first he was little more than the chief interpreter between the German and the English mind; in the second, he has "shot upwards like a pyramid of fire," into a gigantic original. In the first, he was only a distinguished member of the corps littéraire; in the second, he has started from the ranks, and become a separate and independent principality in the kingdom of letters. We propose to include both those aspects in our notice.

It is a well-known saying of Jean Paul Richter, that, while the French have the dominion of the land, and the English of the sea, to the Germans belongs the empire of air: they inhabit "cloud-land, gorgeous land." Repelled from earth by the flat and dreary prospects of their country, they have taken refuge, now in the abyss of infinity, and now in the abysses of their own strange and speculative intellects. Their poetry, their philosophy, and their religion, are all dreams; scientifically constructed, indeed, and gorgeously colored, but still dreams of the wildest and most mystic character. These peculiarities they have carried, not merely into their romances, epics, and psychological treatises, but into their books of science; their practical works, nay, for aught we know their very spelling-books, are tinged by the same hue, and, perhaps, like the primer of the unfortunate schoolmaster, commemorated by Dr. Johnson, dedicated to the universe! Intermixed with such singularities, which stamp a cloudy character upon the literature of Germany, we need not, at this time of day, dilate upon its conspicuous merits; its depth, its truth, its splendor of imagination; its fine blending of the romantic and the every-day in sentiment, and of grandeur and simplicity of style; its reverent fearlessness, or its infinite variety. Nor need we enlarge on its principal writers: the strong simplicity of Lessing; the "burning force" of Burger; the mellow diffusion of Klopstock; the voluptuous grace and laughing devil of Wieland; Schlegel's aspiring æsthetics; Schiller's high-wrought enthusiasm; Goethe's profound calm, like the light of sculpture or of snow; and the tumultuous glories of style and image the warmth of all-embracing charity, the soft, cheerful piety, the boundless fancy, the rambling, riotous energy which glistened in the eye, reigned in the heart, and revelled on the page, of Jean Paul Richter, that German of the Germans, the most perfect specimen of the powers and peculiarities of that country, which he loved so dearly.

There was a time when, if simple and humble folks like ourselves had talked in this style, we should instantly have been ranked with the Ger-

mans themselves, at the foot of the gamut of existence, or rather, on the frontier line which separates the reasonable from the insane. Who has *changé tout cela*? Who has redeemed Germans, and the admirers of the German mind, from the coarse stigmas which had been so long affixed to their names? Who has bridged across the gulf which has divided us from the huge continent of their literature? Thomas Carlyle, in his first character as translator and illustrator of the German poetic sages. Not that he did it by his single arm: he was anticipated by Coleridge, and strongly backed, if not preceded by de Quincey, Moir, and others; but, notwithstanding, that German literature is no longer a sealed book, but an open fountain, and that German intellect has been at length fairly appreciated among us, we believe to be mainly owing to his persevering and undaunted efforts. And to this end, his very errors, and exaggerations, and over-estimates, and too obvious emulation of some of the faults of his favorites, have contributed.

Carlyle is a Scottish German; he has grafted on a strong original stock of Scottish earnestness, simplicity, shrewdness, and humor, much of the mysticism, exaggeration, and eccentricity of his adopted country. Even though he had never read a page of the Teutonic grammar, he would have been distinguished as a man of original powers, profound sincerity, and indomitable perseverance. But, having studied and swam, for years together, in the sea of German learning, like a leviathan, he has become a literary monster, German above and Scotch below. The "voice is Jacob's, the hands are Esau's." He is a hybrid. The main tissue of his mind is homely worsted; but he has dyed it in the strangest colors, derived from Weimar and Bayreuth. Endued by nature with a "strong in-kneed soul," and fitted to be a prose Burns, he has become a British Richter. We have sometimes doubted if he did not think in German. Assuredly he writes in it, uses its idioms, practises its peculiarities of construction; not merely defends, but exemplifies its most daring liberties, and spreads his strong wing over its glaring defects. Although possessed of undoubted originality, he long contented himself with being a gigantic echo-cliff to the varied notes of the German lyre, rendering back its harsh discords, as well as its soft and soul-like sounds. And here lies at once the source of his defects and his merits.

One who is unacquainted with German authors, reads Carlyle with the utmost amazement: he is so utterly different from every other writer; his unmeasured sentences; his irregular density; his electric contrasts; his startling asseverations; his endless repetitions; the levity in which his most solemn and serious statements seem to swim; the air of mild, yet decisive scorn, with which he tosses about his thoughts and characters, and the incidents of his story; the unearthly lustre at which he shows his shifting panoramas; his peculiar, and patched up dialect; the singular terms and terminations which he uses, in unscrupulous abundance; the far and foreign strain of his allusions and associations; the recondite pro-

fundity of his learning; and those bursts of eloquent mysticisms which alternate with yet wilder bursts of uncontrollable mirth, and fuliginous irony—produce an ‘altogetherness’ of expression exceedingly startling. But, to one acquainted with a German, the mystery is explained. Some, at least, of the peculiarities we have mentioned, are seen to be those of a whole literature, not of a solitary *litterateur*; and he who laughs at Carlyle must be prepared to extend his derision to the sum and substance of German genius. Still we doubt, along with Johnson, Foster, and critics of equal name, if any human understanding has a right to form, whether by affectation, or imitation, or translation, a dialect entirely and ostentatiously singular. A peculiar diction, it is true, has been considered by some one of the immunities of intellectual sovereignty; but he who adopts a uniformly uncommon mode of enunciating his ideas, and, still more, he who transplants his style from a foreign country, does it at his peril, subjects himself to ugly and unjust charges, injures his popularity and influence, and must balance the admiration of the initiated few, with the neglect or disgust of the ignorant or malignant many.

But the defects to which we have referred, being chiefly of style and manner, rarely of substance, and never of spirit, form but a feeble counterpoise to his merits; his “pictorial omnipotence;” his insight into the motives and minds of men; his depicting character, often by one lightning word; his sardonic and savage humor; his intense hatred of the false, and love of the true; his bursts of indignant declamation and spiritual pathos; his sympathies with all power which is genuine; all genius which is unaffected, and all virtue which is unmerciful; his philosophy, at once mystic and homely—obscure, indeed, in its premises, but most practical in its results; and, above all, that almost religious earnestness which casts over all his writings the shadow of deep seriousness. We know not what Carlyle’s creed may be, but we honor his reverence for the religious principles of man. No one has a deeper sense of the Infinite and Eternal; no one has knelt with more solemn awe, under the soul-quelling shadow of the universe, or looked up with a more adoring eye to the “silent immensity and palace of the Eternal, of which our sun is but a porch lamp.” No one has expressed a higher reverence for the “Worship of Sorrow;” and it was “worth a thousand homilies” to hear him, as we were privileged to do, talking for four miles of moonlit road, with his earnest, sagacious voice, of religion, baring, ever and anon, his head, as if in worship, in the warm, slumberous August air. His intimacy with such men as Irving, Thomas Erskine, and Scott of Woolwich, is itself a voucher for his sincerity. And who that has read his spiritual autobiography in “Sartor,” whether he adopt or understand his conclusions or not, can resist admiration for the intense fervor, and the awful struggle discovered in that immortal search?

A singular change, indeed, has, within these few years, taken place in the religious sentiments of literary men. Five-and-twenty, or even fifteen years ago, what was the spectacle? Literature and faith at variance: the leading review of the country steeped so strongly in cold materialistic skepticism, that pious men took it up with hesitation, and laid it down with disgust; the great body of *litterateurs* either the fierce and open enemies, or the secret and insidious assailants of

revealed truth; and, on the other hand, the religious public loathing that literature of which Byron and the Edinburgh reviewers were at the head, anathematizing its idols, and carefully excluding its style, and spirit, and sentiment, from the most distant contact with their own productions and periodicals. “It was a divorce, or rather exorcization; the spirit of religion having been cast out of literature, the religious revenged themselves by casting the spirit of literature out of religion. The consequence was, as might have been foreseen, the production of a brilliant but unbaptized science, a splendid but Satanic poetry, a witty but wicked criticism on the one side, and of a feeble, fanatical illiberal, intolerant, religious literature on the other. Thus, both parties suffered from their separation; but religion most. Such was the case: it is very different now. Advances towards a reconciliation have been made. Men of letters, in general, have dropt their animosities to religion, and, if they have not all yet given in their adherence to any particular form of Christianity, they are seeking truth, and have turned their faces in the proper direction. The reviewers now, without exception, speak of religion with affection and respect. That sneering, cold blooded, Gibbonian style, once the rage, has withered out of literature. Meanwhile, we admit, that the religious community is not reciprocating good understanding so fully as we would wish. There is still too much of jealousy and fear in the aspect with which they regard the literature and science of the day. Why should it be so? Why should two powers, so similar, not interchange amicable offices? Why should two chords, placed so near in the Æolian harp of creation, not sound in harmony? Why should two sunbeams, both derived from the same bright eternal source, not mingle their radiance?

But to return to Carlyle: the first light in which he appeared before the public, was as a translator. He is more faithful in his versions than Coleridge; but inferior in the resources of style, and in that irrepressible originality which was ever sparkling out from the poet, communicating new charms to the beautiful, new terrors to the dreadful, and adding graces which his author never gave. If Coleridge must be confessed to have plagiarized from the German, it ought not to be forgotten that he returned what he stole with interest, and has, in translating, improved, beautified, and filled up the ideal of Schiller.

Besides “Wilhelm Meister,” (a work which, by the way, contains, according to Carlyle and Edward Irving, the best character of Christ ever written,) he has published specimens of the German novels, accompanied by critical notices, which, though inferior to his after works in power and peculiarity, are quite equal, we think, to anything he has written, in sublety of discrimination, and superior in simplicity and idiomatic beauty of language. Carlyle’s style was then not so deeply tinged with its idiosyncratic qualities, and in the *mare magnum* of Teutonic literature he had only as yet dipped his shoe. He was then obliged to conform more to the tastes and understandings of his readers. Ever since, although his thinking has been getting more independent and profound, and his eloquence more earnest and overpowering, his diction has certainly not improved.

His “Miscellanies,” recently collected, appeared principally in the Edinburgh, Foreign, and Foreign Quarterly Reviews. Though full of

faults, and all a-blaze with the splendid sins of their author's diction, they are nevertheless masterpieces of wit and wisdom, of strength and brilliance; the crushed essence of thought is in them, and the sparkling foam of fancy; and in their truthfulness, enthusiasm, and barbaric vigor, they leave on us the impression of something vast, abysmal, obscure, and formidable. Indeed, were a mountain to speak, or, to use his own bold language, "were the rocks of the sea to burst silence, and to tell what they had been thinking on from eternity," we imagine they would speak in some such rugged and prodigious style. Amid his many papers in *The Edinburgh*, we prefer his on "Jean Paul," dear, dreaming, delirious Jean Paul, who used to write in the same poor apartment where his mother and sisters cooked, and his pigeons cooed, and they all huddled; who was seldom seen on the street without a flower on his breast; who, when once he visited Schiller, dressed fantastically in green, complained, poor fellow, that he frowned him off from his brow, as from a precipice; who taught wisdom after the maddest fashion yet known among men—now recreating under the "cranium of a giantess," and now selecting from the "papers of the devil"—but whose works are at once the richest and the deepest in the German language, glittering above like the spires of Goleonda, and concealing below treasures sumless as the mines of Peru. The article excited at the time (1826) a sensation. Not merely was it a splendid piece of writing, but it was the first which fairly committed the review in favor of that German taste and genius which it had been reviling from its commencement; the first thunderbolt to the old regime of criticism, and the first introduction to the English public of the name and character and writings of one of the most extraordinary men which an age, fertile in real and pretended prodigies, has hitherto produced.

Next to this we love his panegyric on Burns, written as he sojourned in the neighborhood of that district which derives its glory and its shame from the memory of the great poet. We recalled it to memory as in his own company, we gazed with deep emotion upon Burns' house in Dumfries—the scene of the dread tragedy which was transacted there while the still gold of an autumnal sunset was gilding its humble roof, and touching the window through which had so often rolled and glowed the ardent eye of the poet—the poet whom Scotia, while "pale" with grief at his errors, is proud to ecstasy as she repairs to his honored grave—whose tongue was only a produced heart, and whose heart loved all that he saw, from the son to the sickle which he grasped in his hot hand; from the star of his Mary to the mouseie running from his ploughshare—whose soul, by the side of a sounding wood, "rose to Him that walketh on the wings of the wind"—who, "walking in glory and joy behind his plough upon the mountain side," generally drew that joy from nature, and that glory from song—whose dust, in its tomb, turns and shivers at the name "drunkard," which mean, or malignant, or prejudiced, or misinformed men have vainly sought to inscribe upon it—over whose follies and sins, all of them occasional, and none habitual or inveterate, let a mantle be drawn, warm as his own heart, bright as his own genius, and ample as his own understanding! Carlyle, like Wilson, always rises above himself when he speaks of Burns. And the secret is, that both see

and love the man, as well as admire the poet. Altogether, indeed, Burns has been fortunate in his critics, although Jeffrey did try to trip up his heels, and Wordsworth made but a clumsy attempt to break his fall, forgetting that such an attempt was needless, for, falling at the plough, where could he light but on the fresh, soft, strong earth, and how could he rise but in the attitude of an Antæus?

His paper on the "Signs of the Times," contains an exposition of the difference between a mechanical and a dynamical age—ingenious, but hardly just. We wonder that a man of Carlyle's calibre can chime in with the cant against mechanism, raised by "mechanical salt-butter rogues." Men, it is true, now-a-days, use more machines than they did, but are they therefore mere machines themselves? Was James Watt an automaton? Has the press become less an object of wonder or fear since it was worked by steam? Imagination, even, and mechanism are good friends. How sublime the stoppage of a mail as the index of rebellion? Luther's Bible was printed by a machine. The organ, as it heaves up earth's only fit reply to the thunder, is but a machine. A mechanical age! What do its steam carriages convey? Is it not newspapers, magazines, reviews, poems? Are they not in this way the conductors of the fire of intellect and passion? Is not mechanism the short-hand of poetry? Thomas Carlyle fears that the brood hen will yet be superseded! We deem this fear superfluous, and for our parts, never expect to sup on steam chickens, or breakfast on steam-laid eggs.

His last paper in *The Edinburgh* (save one on Ebenezer Elliott) was entitled "Characteristics," and of its author at least was eminently characteristic. It might, in fact, be proposed as a *Pons Asinorum* to all those who presume to approach the study of this remarkable man. It adds all the peculiarities of his history to all the peculiarities of his style, and the result is a bit of pure unmixed Carlylism, which many of his admirers dote on as a fragment of heaven-born philosophy, and his detractors defame as a slice of chaos, but which we value principally as a revelation of the man.—Whatever were its merits, it proved too strong and mystic food for the ordinary readers of *The Edinburgh*, and led, we have heard, to his withdrawal from its arena.

At an earlier date than this appeared his "Life of Schiller," a stately, rotund, and eloquent composition, of which its author is said now to be a little ashamed. We can see no more reason for this than for the preference which he since habitually gives to Goethe above the author of "The Robbers."

We retain, too, a lively memory of a paper on Diderot, embodying a severe and masterly dissection of that brilliant charlatan—of another, containing a *con amore* account of Mirabeau—of various articles on Goethe—and of a paper on Sir Walter Scott, where we find his familiar features shown us in a new and strange light, as if in the gleam of an apothecary's evening window.

To *Fraser's Magazine* he has contributed much—among other things, a review of Crocker's "Boswell," the "Diamond Necklace," &c. In the print of the "Fraserians," his face was not forgotten, though, amid the boisterous revelry, and wagish worldly countenances around, it seemed woefully out of place. We asked ourselves as we gazed, what business has that still, earnest, spirit-

ual face there? And put the same query still more strongly about two others included in the same scene—Coleridge, with his great gray misty eyes, like an embodied abstraction; and Edward Irving with his black locks tangled in gorgonic confusion, and in his eye the glare of insanity contending with the fire of coming death!

In Fraser, also, (much to the annoyance of a sapient nobleman, who asked the publisher when that "stupid series of articles by the tailor were to be done!") appeared the first draught of "Sartor Resartus." We have only of late become acquainted with this singular production, but few books have ever moved us more. It turned up our whole soul like a tempest.—It reminded us of nothing so much as of Bunyan's Autobiography. With a like dreadful earnestness does Carlyle describe his pilgrimage from the "Everlasting No" of darkness and defiance—his City of Destruction—on to that final Beulah belief, that "Blessedness is better than happiness," on which, as on a pillow, he seems disposed to rest his head against eternity. In writing it, he has written, not his own life alone, but the spiritual history of many thinking and sincere men of the time. Whoever has struggled with doubt and difficulties almost to strangling—whoever has tossed for nights upon his pillow, and in helpless wretchedness cried out with shrieks of agony to the God of heaven—whoever has covered with his cloak a Gehenna of bitter disappointment and misery, and walked out, nevertheless, firm, and calm, and silent, among his fellow-men—whoever has mourned for "all the oppressions which are done under the sun," and been "mad for the sight of his eyes that he did see"—whoever has bowed down at night upon his pillow, in the belief that he was the most wretched and God-forsaken of mortal men—whoever has felt all the "wanderer in his soul," and a sense of the deepest solitude, even when mingling in the business of the crowded thoroughfares of his kind—whoever at one time has leaned over the precipice of Mount Danger, and at another adventured a step or two on that dreary path of destruction, "which led to a wide field full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more;" and at a third, walked a gloom amid the glooms of the valley and the shadow of death—whoever has at least attained, not peace, not happiness, not assurance, but child-like submission, child-like faith, and meek-eyed "blessedness"—let him approach, and study, and press to his breast, and carry to his bed, and bedew with his tears, Sartor Resartus, and bless the while its brave and true-hearted author. But whoever has not had a portion of this experience, let him pass on—the book has nothing to say to him, and he has nothing to do with the book. It is above him like a star—it is apart from him like a spirit. Let him laugh at it if he will—abuse it if he will—call it German trash, transcendental Neologism, if he will—only let him not read it. Its sweet and solemn "Evangel"—its deep pathos—its earnestness—its trenchant and terrible anatomy of not the least singular or least noble of human hearts—its individual passages and pictures, unsurpassed in power and grandeur, as that of the Night Thoughts of Teufelsdröckh, when he sat in his high attic, "alone with the stars"—the description of his appearance on the North Cape, "behind him all Europe and Asia fast asleep, and before him the silent immensity and Palace of the Eternal, to which our sun is but a porch lamp"—the discovery to him

of the glories of nature, as he felt for the "first time that she was his mother and divine"—his wanderings in vain effort to "escape from his own shadow"—the picture of the power and mystery of symbols—with all this, what has he, the reader of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The New Monthly," to do! Let him go, however, and chuckle over the sketch of the "worst of all possible Universities" Edinburgh, as Carlyle found it, and its picture of the two sects—of dandies and poor Irish slaves. These he may comprehend and enjoy, but the other!—

We like his "Lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship," principally as a specimen of his conversational powers. They are just his recorded talk—the eloquent droppings of his mind. To them we could refer all who have never met him, and who would wish to form some idea of his conversation—the richest and strongest essence we ever took in withal. They were delivered to a very select audience, including six bishops, many clergymen, fashionable ladies, and the elite of the literature of London. The lecturer appeared at first somewhat timid, irresolute, bowed down, whether before the weight of the subject, or the imposing aspect of the audience, but soon recovered his self-possession; gradually, in the fine old Puritanic phrase, became "enlarged," and was enabled, in firm, manly, flowing, almost warbling accents, to utter the truth and the feeling which were in him. The Lectures themselves contain many "strange matters." How he heats the old mythologies, and expiscates the meaning which lay within their cloudy wrappings! How he paints "Canopus shining down upon the wild Ishmaelitic man, with its blue spiritual brightness, like an eye from the depth of immensity!" What desperate battle he does for that "deep-hearted son of the wilderness, with the black, beaming eye," Mahomet, till you say with Charles Lamb, who, after listening to a long harangue in defence of him of Mecca, by an enthusiastic youth, asked as they were taking their hats to leave the house, "Where have you put your turban?" And how thoroughly does he sympathize with the severe and saturnine graces of Dante—with Shakespeare's kind-hearted laughter—with Johnson's rugged honesty—with Rousseau's fantastic earnestness—with Napoleon's apocalyptic revelation of the power and mystery of force—and above all, with Cromwell's iron-handed and robust unity of purpose. The great moral fault of the book is, that he idolizes energy and earnestness in themselves, and apart from the motives in which they move, and the ends to which they point.

"Chartism," and "Past and Present," are valuable as revealing many of the darker symptoms of our political and social disease. The remedy is nowhere to be found within them. It is characteristic of Carlyle, that he not unfrequently tantalizes his reader by glimpses, rather than satisfies him by distinct masses of thought. Does a difficulty occur? He shows every ordinary mode of solution to be false, but does not supply the true. Is a character to be described? He often, after darting scorn upon all common conceptions of it, leaves it to shift for itself, or only indicates his opinion. Why is this? Is he like Horne Tooke, who used to start puzzling questions at the Sunday meetings of his friends, and deferred their solution, that he might have the pleasure of keeping them in suspense till a week had revolved? Or is it, that he is only endowed with an energy

of destruction, and is rather a tornado to overturn, than an architect to build? One message, at any rate, has been given him above all other men to deliver—that of human ignorance. He is the prophet at once of the power and the weakness, the greatness and the littleness of man. Fixing his foot firmly on the extreme limit of what man *kens* and *cans*, he tells him in one oracular voice what he kens and what he kens not, nor ever in this world shall ken—what he cans and what he cans not, nor ever on this side of eternity can. “Know thyself! thyself thou wilt never know—know thy work, which were more to the purpose.” “Know God! It will take thee, I suspect, to eternity to learn even the rudiments of this awful knowledge, more to the point to know what God bids thee do, and to do it.” “Know nature! never! thou mayest babble about electricity, for instance, but what is it? whence comes it? whither goes it? Thou canst not tell, but thou canst tell how to elevate thy lightning rod, and how to make the terrible thing, though all the while it remain a mystery to thee, to trickle along it tamely, as a woman’s tear.” Thus we paraphrase the avowed purpose of this prophet of the “age of Tools.” It is, as with the precision and insight of a visitor from another world, to declare the business of man’s life and to settle the boundaries of man’s understanding.

“The French Revolution, a history,” as his largest, and in every way his greatest work, we have reserved for a more lengthened criticism. We must premise, that our remarks concern it merely as a literary production, not as a historical work. We are not qualified to decide as to the accuracy of its matter-of-fact details. But we flatter ourselves that we are not unable to appreciate its merit, as the moralizing of a great and peculiar mind on the most singular series of transactions that earth ever saw—the most enormous “world-whirlpool” which ever boiled, and raved; and cast its bloody spray far up into the black hollow of night! The first thing that struck us about it was the strangeness of the titles of its chapters. All of them are entitled, not so in the common way, from the principal event recorded therein, but from some one word or phrase in the beginning, middle, or end, which has hit the writer’s fancy, and given him an outlet for his peculiar sarcasm, such as “*Astræa Redux*”; “*Astræa Redux without cash*.” “*Flame Picture*”; “*Danton no weakness*”; “*Go down to*.” If this be affectation, thought we, it is a new and clever kind of it. The best way of seeing the force and fun of these titles, is by reading them by themselves right down—no shrinking—from “*Louis the Well-beloved*” to “*Vendemaire*.” We remember a heroic youth, who stated his intention of reading all Gibbon’s notes apart from the text, for the sake of the learning crushed and crammed into them. The task of reading Carlyle’s titles were easier, and far more amusing. Our next subject of wonder was the style, which reads as though the writer had sat down deliberately to caricature his former works. It could only be adequately described by itself. Fuliginous-flaming, prose-poetic, mock-earnest, Germanic-Scotch, colloquial-chaotic, satiric-serious, luminous-obscure—all these epithets are true, and equally true of it, and of it alone. We read part of it to a person the other day, who, at every other sentence, cried out, “The man’s mad.” We read on, till we shook him soul and body by its power. We noticed, too, concerning

this same strange style, that it is a style now, at all events, necessary to the man’s mind, and no more affected than Jean Paul’s, Johnson’s, and Milton’s, and like theirs may be called the “hurley-burley nonsense of a giant, not to be used with impunity by any one less”—that it is a style indeed, defying imitation, except in its glaring defects—and that on all great occasions it rises above its faults, throws them off as men do garments in a mortal struggle, and reaches a certain purity, and displays a naked nerve, and produces a rugged music. We observed, too, that it is a style in intense keeping with the subject. Deep calleth unto deep. Demogorgon paints chaos. A turbid theme requires a turbid style. To write the story of the French Revolution demanded a pen of a cloudy and colossal character, which should despise petty beauties, and lay iron grasp on the more prominent points. How would the whirling movements, the giddy and dream-like mutations, the gigantic virtues, and the black atrocities of intoxicated France, bear to be represented in neat and classical language, in measured and balanced periods, in the style of a state paper, or in the fripperies of brilliant antithesis? Who would like to see the dying gladiator, or the Laocoon, clothed in the mode of the day? No! show us them naked, or if ornaments be added, let them be severe and stony, in keeping with the terrible original. So Carlyle’s style, from its very faults, its mistiness, its repetitions, its savage boldness, its wild humor blent with yet wilder pathos, its encircling air of ridicule, its startling abruptness, itself a revolution, is fitted better than the simple style of Scott, or the brilliant invective of Burke, or the unhealthy heat and labored splendor of Hazlitt, to mirror in its unequal but broad surface, the scenery and circumstances of the wondrous era. Its great sin as a narrative is, that it presumes too much on the reader’s previous acquaintance with the details of the period, and deals more in glancing allusion than in direct statement.

We noticed, too, and felt its enthralling interest. Once you are accustomed to the manner and style, you will find no historian who casts stronger ligaments of interest around you. We have heard an instance of this. Sir William Hamilton got hold of the book about three in the afternoon. He began to read, and could not lay it aside till four in the morning—thirteen hours at a stretch. We know nothing like this since the story of Sir Joshua Reynolds reading the “*Life of Savage*” in a country inn, standing till his arm was stiff, cold, and glued to the mantel-piece. Like the suction of a whirlwind, the book draws you in, whether you will or no. Its very faults, like scars on the face of a warrior, contribute to rivet your attention. And even to those familiar with the events of the period, everything seems new in the glare of Carlyle’s savage genius. We noticed, too, its epic character. It has been well called the epic poem, rather than the History of the Revolution. The author, ere writing it, seems to have read over, not Thucydides, but Homer, and truly the old Homeric fire burns in its every chapter. Sometimes it is mock-heroic rather than epic, and reminds us more of Fielding’s introductory chapters, or the better parts of Ossian, than of Melesigenes. But its spirit is epic, its figures are epic, its epithets are epic, and above all, its repetitions are quite in Homer’s way. The description of Louis’ fight is a fine episode, kindling in parts into highest poetry, as when he says, “O Louis, this all around

there is the great slumbering earth, and over head the great watchful Heaven. But right ahead, the great north-east sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn; from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming sun. Stars fade out, and galaxies, street lamps in the city of God. The universe, O my brother, is flinging wide its portals for the levee of the great high king." And though the age of epics be gone, yet if histories like those of Carlyle take their place, we have no reason to mourn their departure. Like Chapman, "he speaks out loud and bold." He tramples upon petty beauties, and the fear of petty blemishes, and the shame of leaving a sentence unpolished, and the pride of rounding off a period, and all the miserable millineries of an artificial style. His strength, as that of every genuine epic poet should, does not lie in the elegance and polish of particular parts, so much as in the grand general result and merit of the whole. One bad or middling line is unpardonable in a sonnet or epigram, but a hundred such cannot hurt the effect of a lengthened poem. So Carlyle, leaving minuteness of finish to the lilliputians of literature—to the authors of single sermons, short articles, &c.—contents himself with throwing forth from his "fire-bosom" a gigantic *tout ensemble*. Undoubtedly, were he to combine delicacy with energy of execution, Titanic power with Pygmean polish, he were a far more perfect and popular writer. But how few have exhibited an instance of such a combination! Not Shakspeare, not Æschylus, hardly Milton—perhaps, if we except Dante and Goethe, not one. Few great writers are fine writers, (understanding this in the sense of finished,) and few fine writers are great. They who have much to say care less for the mode of saying it, and though the most perfect specimens of writing, after all, occur in their pages, they occur through a sort of chance—they are there because their writers could not help it, not because they wished to be especially fine. Jeremy Taylor was not a fine writer, nor Burke, nor is Wilson; yet, who would prefer to them, with all their mannerism and carelessness, the writings of Blair or Alison, though they be, in point of style, almost faultless monsters! We, for our part, prefer soul to style, and like rough diamonds far better than polished pebbles. We noticed again, its tone of strange charity. This principle, even while passing through the bloody chaos and monster gallery of the worst period of the Revolution, never forsakes him. Is the brandmark of universal reprobation on any brow? That brow, be sure, he stoops down and kisses with a pitying and pardoning affection. For Danton he has an enthusiastic admiration; for Robespierre a slight but marked penchant; and even for Marat, a lurking tenderness. The world generally has set these men down for monsters, or, in the mildest point of view, madmen, and classed them in that corner of the moral museum railed in for *lusus nature*. But here comes Thomas Carlyle to this abhorred and shunned corner, snuffing the tainted air, wondering at the singular formations, nay, reclaiming them to the catalogue of men. "Robespierre's poor landlord, the cabinet-maker in the Rue St. Honoré, loved him; his brother died for him. May God be merciful to him and to us!" Now, for our part, we like this spirit, were it for nothing but its rarity; and, like Carlyle, we are no believers in monstrous births. We believe that millions of respectable and selfish men of the world have in

them the elements of Marats, Robespierres, and Neros. We hear every day instances of petty tyranny, and minute and malignant cruelty, which, to our mind, let down a fiercer and farther light into the blackness of our depraved nature than a myriad of massacres done, not in cold, but in boiling blood, amid the heavings of a moral earthquake, and under the canopy of revolutionary night. The longer we live, the less we need extreme cases, to convince us that the heart is desperately wicked, and that he who has sounded the grave, the ocean, the darkest mountain tarn, cannot fathom the bottomless blackness of his own heart. We do not then join with Carlyle's Edinburgh Reviewer, in his grave rebuke of his charity; yet, perhaps, it is carried too far sometimes. Perhaps it is expressed in a tone of too much levity, and the *sang froid* he assumes is rather Satanic; perhaps for a mere man too lofty a point of view is assumed; perhaps a hatred of cant, profound as the profound thing itself, (cant is abysmal,) has seduced him into a minor cantilena of his own. We have amused ourselves in imagining how he would treat some of the Roman emperors; and have fancied him swallowing Nero, after a considerable gulp; saying civil things of Heliogabalus; and find a revelation on the tip of Domitian's bodkin, wherewith he amused his *ennui* in transfixing flies! Seriously, however, we like this spirit. It reminds us, not unpleasantly, of Charles Lamb, who, we are told, never thoroughly loved a man till he had been thrown at his door, singed and blackened by the fire of general contempt and execration. This spirit, we cannot help thinking, contrasts well with that of Dr. Croly. In talking of the actors in the French revolution, he often uses language unworthy of a Christian minister. He speaks of them uniformly in a tone of the most savage and truculent fury. This, in a contemporary like Burke, was excusable; but now that the men are dead, and have received their verdict from the lips of Eternal Justice, why do more than add a solemn "Amen" to the sentence, whatever it be, which has fixed their destiny? It may be too much in Carlyle to breathe a sigh over a dead ruffian, who died amid the roar of liberated France, and the curses of mothers and children; but of two extremes it is decidedly the best.

We noticed, too, that his prime favorites, next to Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland, whom everybody admires are Mirabeau and Danton. His style rises whenever he speaks of these gigantic men. Nor do we wonder, for surely they tower titanically above all the actors in that scene of "cinders and blood." Strong and loud must be the steps which, like theirs, become audible amid an earthquake. Others appear passive in the scene, whirled about like straws in the vortex. But a revolution is their element. They alone can ride upon its wild waters; no vulgar democrats are they; no petty, peddling retail revolutionists; they resemble rather the Pandemonian princes, or the dethroned giants of the Saturnian reign, to whom Jupiter was but a beardless boy black as Erebus, ugly as sin, large lowering, with tones of thunder, and looks of fire, seared consciences, and death defying, yet death-expecting attitude, they stand up, filling the eye and the imagination, and their huge forms are never lost sight of for a moment, during the wildest turmoil and blackest tempest of the revolution: civilians both, armed only with the bayonets of their eyes, and the artillery of their eloquence, and therefore

to us more interesting than the little bustling, bloody Toulon officer, the "name of whom is Napoleon Bonaparte." Of the two, Carlyle prefers Mirabeau; we, with deference, Danton. Of course, the former filled a much larger space, and played a far more conspicuous part on the stage of history; but we speak of native manhood and capacity; of what Danton was and might have become. Mirabeau, was a count, and had not a little of the old noblesse strut; Danton was of "good farmer people," dug out of the fresh ground, "of the earth earthy." Mirabeau was intensely theatrical, an actor, fond of splendid clap-traps, and too conscious of himself; Danton was an earnest, simple barbarian, a modern Maximin, or Milo, and spoke and acted from the fulness of an honest, though miserably mistaken zeal; Mirabeau was movable by a kiss from female majesty; Danton was a tower, with this inscription, "No weakness:" once, indeed, he accepted a sop from the government, and then "walked on his own way." Mirabeau was a plagiarist, a sublime thief, submitted to be examined, primed, loaded by others; Danton's burning sentences were all his own; no friend could have lent them, any more than a quarry an aerolite. Mirabeau is a splendid charlatan; Danton a noble savage. Both spoke in short and striking sentences; but while Mirabeau's were spirit-stirring and electric, Danton's were terribly sublime. The one on his death-bed, pointing to the sun, could say, "If he be not God, he is his cousin-german;" the other, "The coalesced kings threaten us; we hurl at them, in gage of battle, the head of a king." Mirabeau was perpetually protruding himself upon public notice. Danton was a "large nature that could rest;" he sat silent in his place on the mountain for weeks, till a case of real emergency occurred, till his country was in danger: and then rose up, uttered from his lion throat a few strong words, and sat down again; his country safe, himself silent as before. The vices of both, like their powers, were gigantic. Those of Mirabeau were profligacy and vanity, which marked him out amid the vainest and most dissolute nation on the face of the earth. Danton's were a lust for gold, and an indifference to blood. Mirabeau died of the consequences of his dissipation. Danton had a grander death, and never did the guillotine shear off a stronger head. Is it fanciful to call the one the Byron, and the other the Burns of the period?

We cannot get out of our mind that last visit of Danton to his native village. We see him visiting, for the last time, Arcis sur Aube, the spot where his mother bore him, "for he, too, had a mother, and lay warm in his cradle like the rest of us"—where his vast form grew up, and the wild dream of liberty first crossed his daring soul. We see him straying along his native stream, in "haunts which knew him when a boy;" leaning down his Herculean stature upon its bank; the stream the while mirroring his black locks and moody brow; "silent, the great Titan! and wondering what the end of these things will be;" musing upon the bloody past, and looking forward gloomily to the future, and starting up suddenly with fierce energy and tempestuous resolve, as some wandering wind appears to whisper, "Robespierre;" or as to his awakened fears the guillotine seems to glass itself in the passing waters. And with beating heart we follow him from this to the tribunal of Fouquier, and tremble as he gives in his address, "My name is Danton! a name tolera-

bly well known in the revolution. My dwelling shall soon be with annihilation, but I shall live in the pantheon of history;" or as we hear his voice for the last time reverberating from the domes, in "words piercing from their wild sincerity, winged with wrath, fire flashing from the eyes of him, piercing to all republican hearts, higher and higher till the lion voice of him dies away in his throat;" or as we follow him to the guillotine, "carrying a high look in the death-cart"—saying to Camille Desmoulins as he struggles and writhes, "Courage, my friend, heed not that vile canaille"—to himself, "Oh, my dear wife, shall I never see thee more, then! but, Danton, no weakness"—to the executioner, "Thou wilt show my head to the people—it is worth showing." Surely this man had in him the elements of a noble being; and had he lived, would, as effectually as even Napoleon, have backed and bridled the Bucephalus of the revolution. "Thus passes, like a gigantic mass of valor, fury, ostentation, and wild revolutionary manhood, this Danton to his unknown home. He had many sins, but one worst sin he had not, that of cant. No hollow formalist, but a very man—with all his dross he was a man—fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick—he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men."

The Edinburgh Reviewer seems to have a strong liking for Robespierre, and takes our author to task for his treatment of that "sea-green incorruptible." This liking on the part of the reviewer seems to be affected as well as absurd. He grounds it upon the fact that he was incorruptible, and was a worshipper after a fashion of his own. Two pitiful pillars for bolstering up a character bowed down by the weight of Danton's blood, by the execrations of humanity, by the unanimous voice of female France, reëchoing the woman's wild cry, "Go down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers." But oh! he was above a bribe! Nay, he was only beneath it; and so is a hyena.

He died a poor man; but so far from making him an Andrew Marvel therefor, let us rather say with Hall, that "ambition in his mind had, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up the whole fry of petty propensities;" and that there are "other virtues besides that of dying poor." Miserable counterbalance! incorruptibility against treachery, ingratitude, infernal cruelty, and systematic hypocrisy—one virtue to a thousand crimes. But he was a worshipper, it seems. Of what? Of wisdom in the shape of a smoked statue! And this most ridiculous and monstrous of all farces ever enacted in this world—this tomfoolery of hell, with its ghastly ceremonies and ghastlier high priests, "in sky-blue coat and black breeches," decreeing the existence of a Supreme Being with one foot in Danton's blood, and the immortality of the soul with another on the brink of ruin—this cowardly acknowledgment, more horrible than the blasphemous denial—this patronage of deity by one of the worst and meanest of his creatures—has at length met with an admirer in the shape of a contributor to *The Edinburgh Review*! "O shame, where is thy blush?" But he had a party who died with him, while Danton stood almost alone. Why, Nero had his friends. "Some hand unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb." The brood of a tiger probably regard their parent as an amiable character, much misrepresented. Satan has his party. Can we wonder, then, that a set of mis-

creants, driven to desperation, should cling to each other, and to the greatest villain of their number! And as to Danton, not only had he, too, his devoted adherents, Camille Desmoulins, Herault De Sechelles, &c., but the galleries had nearly rushed down and rescued him. His fall secured Robespierre's ruin; and when the wretch attempted to speak in his own behalf, what cry rang in his ears, telling how deeply the people had felt and mourned their Titan's death? "Danton's blood chokes him."

We noticed, too, and wondered at his epithets, and the curious art he has of compounding and re-compounding them, till the resources of style stagger, and the reader's eye, familiarized to the ordered and measured tameness of the common run of writers, becomes dim with astonishment. Take some specimens which occur on opening the book:—"Fountain-ocean, flame-image, star-galaxies, sharp-bustling, kind-sparkling, Tantalus-Ixion, Amazonian-graceful, bushy-whiskered, fire-radiant, high-pendant, self-distractive, land-surgings, waste-flashing, honor-worthy, famous-infamous, real-imaginary, pale-dim." Such are a few, and but a few, of the strange, half mad, contradictory and chaotic epithets, which furnish a barbaric garnish to the feast which Carlyle has spread before us. Whether in these he had Homer in his eye, or whether he has rather imitated his hero Mirabeau, who, we know, was very fond of such combinations as Grandison-Cromwell, Crispin-Catiline, &c., we cannot tell; while questioning their taste, we honestly admit that we love the book all the better for them, and would miss them much were they away. To such faults (as men to the taste of tobacco) we not only become reconciled, for the sake of the pleasure connected with them, but we learn positively to love what seemed at first to breathe the nausea of affectation. It is just as when you have formed a friendship for a man, you love him all the better for his oddities, and value as parts of him all his singularities, from the twist in his temper and the crack in his brain, to the cast in his eye and the stutter in his speech. So, Carlyle's epithets are not beautiful, but they are his.

We noticed, too, his passion for the personal. His ideas of all his characters are connected with vivid images of their personal appearance. He is not like Grant, of the "Random Recollections," whose soul is swallowed up in the minutiae of dress, and whose "talk is of" buttons. Carlyle is infinitely above this. But in the strength of his imagination, and the profound philosophical conviction, that nature has written her idea of character and intellect upon the countenance and person, and that "faces never lie," he avails himself of all the traditional and historical notices which he can collect; and the result is the addition of the charms of painting to those of history. His book will never need an illustrated edition. It is illustrated beforehand, in his graphic and perpetually repeated pictures. Mirabeau lifts up, on his canvass, his black boar's head, and carbuncled and grim-pitted visage, like "a tiger that had had the small-pox." Robespierre shows his sea-green countenance and billious eyne, through spectacles, and, ere his fall, is "seen wandering in the fields with an intensely meditative air, and eyes blood-spotted, fruit of extreme bile." Danton strides along heavily, as if shod with thunder, shaking, above his mighty stature, profuse and "coal-black" locks, and speaking as with a cataract in

his throat. Marat croaks hoarse, with "bleared soul, looking through bleared, dull, acrid, wo-struck face," "redolent of soot and horse-drugs." Camille Desmoulins stalks on with "long curling locks, and face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha lamp burnt within it." Abbé Sieyès, a "light thin" man, "elastic, wiry," waves his everlasting constitutions of still flimsier materials than himself. Bailly "trembles under the guillotine with cold." Vergniaud, during his last night in prison, sings "tumultuous songs." Gross David shows his "swollen cheek," type of genius, in a "state of convulsion." Charlotte Corday hies to Paris, a "stately Norman figure, with a beautiful still countenance." Louis stands on the edge of the scaffold, speaking in dumb show, his "face very red." Marie Antoinette, Theresa's daughter, skims along, touching not the ground, till she drops down on it a corpse. Madame Theroigne flutters about, a "brown-locked figure," that might win laughter from the grim guillotine itself. Barbaroux, "beautiful as Antinous," "looks into Madame Roland's eyes, and in silence, in tragical renunciation, feels that she is all too lovely." And last, not least, stands at the foot of the scaffold, Madame Roland herself, "a noble white vision, with high queenly face, soft proud eyes, and long black hair flowing down to her girdle." Thus do all Carlyle's characters live and move; no stuffed figures, breathing corpses, but animated and flesh and blood humanities. And it is this intense love of the picturesque and personal which gives such a deep and dramatic interest to the book, and makes it above all comparison the most lively and eloquent history of the period which has appeared.

We might have dwelt, too, on the sardonic air which pervades the greater part of it. Carlyle's sarcasm is quite peculiar to himself. It is like that of an intelligence who has the power of viewing a great many grave matters at a strange sinister angle, which turns them into figures of mirth. He does not, indeed, resemble the author of "Don Juan," who describes the horrors of a shipwreck like a demon who had, invisible, sat amid the shrouds, choked with laughter;—with immeasurable glee had heard the wild farewell rising from the sea to sky;—had leaped into the long boat, as it put off with its pale crew;—had gloated over the cannibal repast; had leered, unseen, into the "dim eyes of those shipwrecked men," and, with a loud and savage burst of derision, had seen them at length sinking into the waves. Carlyle's laughter is not that of a fiend, but of a water kelpie—wild, unearthly, but with a certain sympathy and sorrow shuddering down the wind on it as it dies away. More truly than Byron might he say, "And if I laugh at any mortal thing, 't is that I may not weep." For our parts, we love to see this great spirit, as he stands beside the boiling abyss of the French revolution, not, like many, raving in sympathy; nor, like others, vituperating the wild waters; but veiling the profoundest pity, love, terror, and wonder, in inextinguishable peals of laughter. This laughter may be hearty, but assuredly it is not heartless.

We remarked, in fine, its singular compression of events, scarce one prominent point in the whole complicated history being omitted;—the art he has of stripping off the prude flesh, and the giving the lion's marrow of history;—his want of prejudice, and bias, producing, on the one hand, in him a perfect and ideal impartiality, and, on the other, in

you an unsatisfied and tantalized feeling, which prompts you to ask, "What, after all, does this man want us to think of the French Revolution—to love or to hate, to bless or to ban it?"—the appositeness and point of his quotations, which, like strong tributaries, mingle congenially with the main current of his narrative, and are drawn from remote and recondite regions;—and his habitual use of the present tense, thus completing the epic cast of his work, giving a freshness and startling life to its every page, and producing an effect as different from the tame past of other writers, as the smoothed locks of a coxcomb are from the roused hair of a Moenad or an Apollo standing bright in the breath of Olympus.

Such is our estimate of a book which, though no model in style, nor yet a final conclusive history of the period, can never, as long as originality, power, and genius are admired, pass from the memories of man. We trust we shall live to see its grand sequel in the shape of a life of Napoleon, from the same pen. May it be worthy of the subject and the author, and come forth in the fine words of Symmons:—

Thundering the moral of his story,
And rolling boundless as his glory.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, Anandale. His parents were "good farmer people," his father an elder in the secession church there, and a man of strong native sense, whose words were said to "nail a subject to the wall." His excellent mother still lives, and we had the pleasure of meeting her lately in the company of her illustrious son; and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender regard, and her motherly and yearning reverence—to hear her fine old covenanting accents, concerting with his transcendental tones. He studied in Edinburgh. Previous to this, he had become intimate with Edward Irving, an intimacy which continued unimpaired till the close of the latter's eccentric career. Like most Scottish students, he had many struggles to encounter in the course of his education; and had, we believe, to support himself by private tuition, translations for the bookseller, &c. The day star of German literature arose early in his soul, and has been his guide and genius ever since. He entered into a correspondence with Goethe, which lasted at intervals, till the latter's death. Yet he has never, we understand, visited Germany. He was originally destined for the church. At one period he taught an academy in Dysart, at the same time that Irving was teaching at Kirkcaldy. After his marriage, he resided partly at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; and for a year or two in Craigenputtock, a wild and solitary farm house in the upper part of Dumfriesshire. Here, however, far from society, save that of the "great dumb monsters of mountains," he wearied out his very heart. A ludicrous story is told of Lord Jeffrey visiting him in this out-of-the-way region, when they were unapprized of his coming—had nothing in the house fit for the palate of a critic, and had, in the dire haste and pother, to send for the wherewithal to a market town about fifteen miles off. Here, too, as we may see hereafter, Emerson, on his way home from Italy, dropped in like a spirit, spent precisely twenty-four hours, and then, "forth uprose that lone wayfaring man," to return to his native woods. He has, for several years of late, resided in Chelsea, London, where he lives in a plain simple fashion; occasionally, but seldom, appearing

at the splendid soirées of Lady Blessington, but listened to, when he goes, as an oracle; receiving at his tea-table, visitors from every part of the world; forming an amicable centre for men of the most opposite opinions and professions, poets and preachers, pantheists and Puritans, Tennysons and Scotts, Cavanaghs and Erskines, Sterlings and Robertsons, smoking his perpetual pipe, and pouring out, in copious stream, his rich and quaint philosophy.

His appearance is fine, without being ostentatiously singular;—his hair dark—his brow marked—though neither very broad nor lofty—his cheek tinged with a healthy red—his eye the truest index of his genius, dashing out, at times, a wild and mystic fire from its dark and quiet surface. He is above the middle size, stoops slightly, dresses carefully, but without any approach to foppery. His address, somewhat high and distant at first, softens into simplicity and cordial kindness. His conversation is abundant, inartificial, flowing on, and warbling as it flows, more practical than you would expect from the cast of his writings—picturesque and graphic in a high measure—full of the results of extensive and minute observation, often terribly direct and strong, garnished with French and German phrase, rendered racy by the accompaniment of the purest Anandale accent, and coming to its climaxes, ever and anon, in long deep, chest-shaking bursts of laughter.

Altogether, in an age of singularities, Thomas Carlyle stands peculiarly alone. Generally known, and warmly appreciated, he has of late become popular, in the strict sense, he is not, and may never be. His works may never climb the family library, nor his name become a household word; but while the Thomsons and Campbells shed their gentle genius, like light, into the hall and the hovel—the shop of the artisan and the sheiling of the shepherd, Carlyle, the Landors and Lambs of this age, and the Browns and Burtons of the past, will exert a more limited and profounder power—cast a dimmer but more gorgeous radiance—attract fewer but more devoted admirers, and obtain an equal, and perhaps more enviable immortality.

KING DAN.

A NEW VERSION OF "KING DEATH."

KING DAN was a rare old fellow,
On cash he was always bent;
He called for the gold so yellow,
And they forked out the Irish rent.
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

There came to him many, starving,
Who'd forgotten the word content;
And widows, their last mites halving,
To add to the Irish rent.
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

The workman gave half his earning,
Though his children wanted clothes;
And the peasant, a penny turning,
To the rent-fund a farthing throws.
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed to his heart's content—
As he took up the gold so yellow,
And promised Repeal for the rent.
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah for the Irish rent!

Punch.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LONE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK, THE CLOCKMAKER,"
"THE ATTACHE," &c.

THIS morning I accompanied the judge and Miss Sandford in their sleigh on an excursion into the country. The scene, though rather painful to the eyes, was indescribably brilliant and beautiful. There had been during last night and part of yesterday a slight thaw, accompanied by a cold fine rain that froze the moment it fell, into ice of the purest crystal. Every deciduous tree was covered with this glittering coating, and looked in the distance like an enormous though graceful bunch of feathers; while on a nearer approach it resembled, with its limbs now bending under the heavy weight of the transparent incrustation, a dazzling chandelier. The open fields, covered with a rough but hardened surface of snow, glistened in the sun as if thickly strewn with the largest diamonds; and every rail of the wooden fences in this general profusion of ornaments was decorated with a delicate fringe of pendant ice, that radiated like burnished silver. The heavy and sombre spruce, loaded with snow, rejoiced in a green old age. Having its massy shape relieved by strong and numerous lights, it gained in grace what it lost in strength, and stood erect among its drooping neighbors, venerable but vigorous, the hoary forefather of the wood.

The tall and slender poplar and white birch, which here and there had sprung up in the new clearings from the roots of old trees, and outgrown their strength and proportions, bent their heads gracefully to the ground under their unusual burden and formed fanciful arches, which the frost encircled with numerous wreaths of pearls. Everything in the distance was covered with the purest white, while the colors of nearer objects were as diversified as their forms.

The bark of the different trees and their limbs appeared through the transparent ice; and the rays of the sun, as they fell upon them, invested them with all the hues of the prism. It was a scene as impossible to describe as to forget. To the natives it is not an unusual sight; for it generally occurs once a year, at least, and its effects are as well appreciated as its beauty. The farmer foresees and laments serious injury to his orchard, the woodman a pitiless pelting of ice as he plies his axe in the forest, the huntsman a barrier to his sport, and the traveller an omen of hard and severe weather; and yet such was the glory of the landscape, that every heart felt its magic and acknowledged the might and the beauty of this sudden transformation. It was the work of a night. The sun set with chilling showers. It rose in all its splendor to witness and to heighten by its presence the magnificence and brilliancy of the scene. We constantly recurred to this topic after our return, and again and again went to the window as the day declined to catch the last parting glimpse of the "silver frost" before it dissolved from view under the gaze of the sun and vanished forever. In the evening, winter and its scenery, its festivals and privations, and its effects on the habits, feelings, and tastes of the people formed the subject of a long conversation, in which the judge told me the following sad and interesting story:—

On one of the shore-roads, as the highways near the Atlantic are called, in a distant part of the province, there is a lone house situated in the

midst of one of the widest and most barren tracts of country in these colonies; on either side of it are enormous bogs, stretching away in the distance for miles. Behind it is an undulating country of granite formation, covered with enormous masses of detached rock. In front is a lake in a deep and sunken hollow, so still, so cheerless and repulsive, that it looks like the pool of death. Beyond this a mountain wave of granite rises and shuts out the sea, which is not far distant. The place where the house stands is a small ridge of land in the form of a wedge, which formerly bore beech and birch trees; and not only had a tolerable soil, but was exempt from the incumbrance of loose stone. Beyond this ridge, however, all is barren. The surface is either naked rock or partially covered with moss, the wild strawberry, and the hardy white clover. Here and there a stunted birch or dwarf larch finds a scanty subsistence in the crevices of the rocks, or in coarse gravel formed by the disintegration that time and the alternations of heat and frost have produced in the granite. In the hollows, which resemble basins or stone reservoirs, a boggy substance has accumulated, that nurtures small groves of ill-conditioned and half-fed firs, which seem to have grown prematurely old, and grey before their time, being covered with white moss, which, climbing up their stems, hangs pendent from their limbs, like hoary locks. The larger bogs on the right and left are in part covered with a long coarse aquatic grass, (which the moose and caraboo feed upon in winter, when the frost enables them to travel over these treacherous and dangerous places,) and in part by the yellow water-lilies, the wild iris, and clusters of cranberry bushes. It is impossible to conceive anything more lonely and desolate than this place. Even in summer, when the grassy road is well defined, and vegetation has done its best to clothe the huge proportions of the landscape and conceal its poverty and deformity, when the glittering insects flutter by to withdraw your attention from their dank, stagnant, and unwholesome cradle, to their own beauty, and the wild bee as he journeys on whispers of his winter's store of honey, and the birds sing merrily that contentment is bliss; even then, excited by the novelty of the scene, and interested as you are in the little lone household of the desert, its total seclusion from the world and the whole human family overpowers and appals you. A crowd of ideas rushes into your mind faster than you can arrange and dispose of them. Surely, you say, here, at least, is innocence; and where there is innocence, there must be happiness. Where there is no tempter, there can be no victim. It is the "still water" of life. Here all is calm and quiet, while on either side is the rapid or the cataract. The passions can have no scope, the affections must occupy the whole ground. How can envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness find an entrance? There can be nothing to envy where the condition of all is alike, and where all that is garnered is a common stock. There can be no hatred where there is no injury or no superiority; but they can love one another, for they are all in all to each other, and they can trim their fire for the poor wayfaring man, feed him, and send him on his journey rejoicing. They can hear from him of the houseless stranger, and bless God with thankful hearts that he has given them a home to dwell in. He may tell them tales of war, but they feel they are beyond its reach; and, what is far better, learn that if poverty has its privations, it has also its

own peculiar privileges and immunities. Thoughts like these naturally force themselves upon you in such a scene. Your feelings are subdued and softened. You behold the family with interest and affection, but still you shrink at a full view of their situation, and involuntarily regard it with pity as a hopeless exile. You are a creature of habit; you cannot understand it; you feel you have social duties to perform; that grief is lessened when the burden is divided, and happiness increased when it is imparted: that man was not made to live alone; and that mutual wants, individual weakness, and common protection require that, though we live in families, our families must dwell in communities.

If such be the feelings that a traveller entertains even in summer, how must he shudder when he regards this lone house in winter! I have seen many solitary habitations as well as this, and some of them much farther removed from any neighborhood, but never one so dreary and so desolate. Follow any new road into the wilderness, and you will find a family settled there miles and miles from any house. But imagination soon fills up the intervening space with a dense population, and you see them in the midst of a well-cultivated country, and enjoying all the blessings of a civilized community. They are merely pioneers. They have taken up their station: the tide of emigration will speedily reach them and pass on. Go into that house, and you are at once struck with the difference of the two families. The former is still life and contentment; the latter is all hope, bustle, and noisy happiness. The axe is at work on the forest that is ringing with its regular blows. Merry voices are heard there, and the loud laugh echoes through the woods, for friends have come from the settlements, and ten acres of wood are to be cut down in one day. Sleighs are arriving with neighbors and relations, from whom they have lately parted; and at night there will be a festive assembly at a place which, until the year before, when the road was made and the house built, was in the heart of a howling wilderness. There is nothing about such a dwelling to make you think it desolate, although loneliness is its characteristic. Converse with the forester, a fine, manly, native settler, and you find he has visions of a mill on his brook: he talks of keeping fifty head of horned cattle in a few years. As soon as his mill is finished, this log-hut is to be superseded by a large framed house; and that miserable shed, as he calls his stable, is to give place to a spacious barn, seventy feet long and fifty feet wide. He is full of merriment, confidence, and hope. In the former place, a pious resignation, a placid contentment, hearts chastened and subdued into patient endurance of toil, and a meek but firm reliance on the superintendence of a Divine Providence, form a strong contrast to the more animated and self-relying forest family.

The wintry blast howls round their dwelling, like a remorseless and savage foe. Its hollow, mournful voice appeals the heart with painful recollections of its overpowering strength; and the poor besieged family, as they encircle their little fire at night, (drawn still closer together now by their mutual fears and affections,) offer up a silent prayer to the throne of grace, and implore the continued and merciful protection of Him who is always a father to the fatherless. At this season the road is covered, in common with the dreary desert, with deep snow. In the clear light of an

unclouded sun, its direction may be ascertained by an experienced traveller, and by him alone; but at night, or in stormy weather, it is a vast and trackless field, where the fatigued and bewildered stranger is doomed to inevitable death.

To afford shelter and assistance to the traveller, to furnish him with a guide, and speed him on his way, was the object which John Lent had in view in settling on the "Ridge." He was aided by the subscriptions and encouraged by the personal assistance of those on either side of the desert who were interested in the road, or in the benevolence of the undertaking. A house and barn were erected with much labor and difficulty, (for all the materials were brought from a great distance,) the court of sessions granted him a free tavern license, and the legislature of the province a small sum of ten or twelve pounds a year, in consideration of the importance of this house to the mail communication of that part of the province. The ridge contained about thirty acres of land. These were soon cleared and brought into cultivation, and produced his winter's store of hay, and yearly supply of wheat and vegetables. His sheep and cows wandered over the plains, and found in summer, in an extended range, sufficient food on the scattered and short but sweet herbage of white clover, and the leaves of the dwarf bushes. The bog supplied him with fuel and materials for cultivating his fields, while the proceeds of his little inn enabled him to obtain some of those articles of groceries that habit has rendered indispensable to the poorest people in this country. Such was the condition of this family. They derived a scanty but a certain provision from the sources I have described. Year followed year with little variation. Their occupations came and ceased with the seasons. Time passed silently away, and as there were few incidents of importance that interested them, its flight was unperceived and unmarked. The three eldest daughters had severally left home for service in the next town, which was a seaport, had married and quitted the country; and the family, at the time I am speaking of, consisted of John Lent, his wife, and three little girls, the youngest of whom was seven years of age. When I arrived at the house last summer, Mrs. Lent did not at first recognize me. Old age has so completely covered my visage with his wrinkled and repulsive mask, that the features of manhood are effectually concealed from view. It has removed my hair, deprived me of my teeth, obscured my eyes, and disfigured my cheeks with unseemly furrows.

These ravages of time, however, are wisely permitted or ordained, to prepare us to leave a world which we can no longer either serve or adorn. In proportion as we lose our personal attractions, mankind recede from us; and, at last, we mutually take leave of each other without a sigh or a tear of regret.

What years had gradually effected for me, misfortune had suddenly and deeply engraven upon her. The young and cheerful woman whom I had known, was now a staid and care-worn matron; the light and elastic step of youth had been succeeded by the slow and heavy tread of limbs stiffened with toil, and her hair had blanched under grief and anxiety. My voice first attracted her attention. She said she knew it, and was certain it was that of an old and kind friend, and entreated me not to think her ungrateful if she could not recall my name, for her poor head had been confused of late. On discovering who I was,

she communicated to me a brief outline of her melancholy story, the details of which I subsequently heard from others at Shelburne.

During the previous winter her husband had set out on foot for the nearest town to procure some little necessities for the house, and intended to return the next day. The subsequent morning was fine, but the weather, as is often the case in this variable climate, suddenly changed. At noon it began to snow; towards evening the wind had risen to a gale, and clouds of sleet were sweeping over the desert with resistless fury. Once or twice she went to the door and looked out, but withdrew immediately, nearly blinded and suffocated by the drifting storm. Her evening meal was prepared for her husband. The table, with its snow-white cover, stood ready for his reception. The savory stew simmered on the hearth, and the potatoes gave out their steam in token of readiness, while the little earthen teapot and unleavened cake, the never-failing appendages of a settler's meal, were ready to cheer him on his return. "Ah, here he is!" she said, as the outer door suddenly opened, followed by thick volumes of snow that nearly filled the little entry. "No, that is the wind that has forced it open. He won't be here to-night; we had better go to supper. He saw the coming storm, and remained in town. I often wonder how he can foretell the weather so well. He knows when a thaw, or a frost, or a fall of snow, or a tempest is approaching hours beforehand. He was too wise to try the barren to-day."

His absence gave her no anxiety whatever; she had become familiar with the storms, and dreaded them only for others who were strangers and unwary. He had often been away before, and there was nothing unusual in his not arriving now. It was a proof of his sagacity, and not of his danger.

The gale continued unabated throughout the second day, and she neither expected him nor prepared for his reception. The third day was calm and tranquil; the whirlwind had spent its fury, and having rolled up its wreathy pillows, sunk down and reposed in utter exhaustion. The snow-birds came in numbers about the barn to feed on the hay-seed of the stack-yard, and the cattle were set at liberty to relax their stiffened limbs and to go to the spring in quest of water. The affrighted and half-famished poultry issued from their hiding-places, and clamorously demanded that attention that had been so long withheld, while the ill-omened crow came at the well-known signal to enforce his claim to a share of the food as a houseless and friendless stranger. The children, too, were released from their prison, and life and animation were again to be seen round the Lone House.

As the mother stood at the door and looked abroad upon the scene, a little spring bird, the first harbinger of that glad season, carolled merrily from the leafless apple-tree at the side of the cottage.

"Thank God!" she said, "winter is now nearly over, and its storms and trials; we have seldom more than one very heavy gale of wind after that little bird comes to sing us a song of spring. Your father will be at home early to-day." And she sent the eldest girl to the snares set for catching wild rabbits. "They will be all abroad to-day," she said; "see if there are any there for his dinner."

In a short time the child returned, with two of these little animals in her hand, and the table was again spread; but he came not. He would return, perhaps, she thought, in the evening, for when he did not arrive at noon he seldom reached home until sunset. But night came with its accustomed meal, and his place was still vacant. To-morrow would be post-day; he had very properly waited, she said, to come with Ainslow. She was glad of it, for he was lame, the walking was heavy, and he had a pack to carry. Yes, they would both be here early in the day. Doubt, fear, or misgiving, never entered her mind. She had great confidence in his judgment; whatever he decided on was right, and it was prudent and much more agreeable for him to travel in company with the postman, who had all the news, and was a pleasant and obliging man. The next day brought again and again merry faces to the door, to look over the dreary bog and catch the first glimpse of the sleigh.

At last a shout proclaimed its approach, and the whole group were assembled to see the little dark spec that was moving forward in the distance, and gradually enlarging into a distinct form. It was anxiously watched, but was slow in coming, as everything in life is that is impatiently waited for.

The arrival of the postman was an important event at this little habitation. He was a part of that world on either side of them, of which they had heard and formed vague conceptions, but which they had never seen. Their father's return, too, was an affair of great interest. He did not very frequently leave home; and when he did, he always brought back some little present to the mother or her children from some kind persons, whom their attentions and peculiar situation and character had converted from strangers into friends. They were little events, to be sure; but these little incidents constitute "the short and simple annals of the poor." They are all that occur to diversify the monotony of their secluded life. The postman came, but he had no companion. He drove his sleigh to the opposite side of the road, where the barn stood, and, leaving it there, he proceeded to the house. He was met by Mrs. Lent, who shook him cordially by the hand, and said that she had expected her husband with him, but supposed he was not ready to come.

The dinner, however, was now waiting, and she pressed him to go in and partake with the family of their humble meal.

"Have you seen John?"

The truth had now to be told, which Ainslow did in the kindest and most considerate manner. After preparing her mind for the reception of very bad news, he proceeded to inform her, that as he crossed the wooden bridge at the black brook in the bog, he observed John Lent sitting on the floor, with his back resting against the rail, a stiffened and frozen corpse. He had evidently been overpowered by the storm, which coming from the eastward, blew full in his face, depriving him at once of his breath and his strength; and having sat down exhausted to rest his wearied limbs, he had sunk into that fatal sleep in which the soul, without a struggle or a sigh, passes into another and a better world. He added, that he had taken him up in his arms, and lifted him into the sleigh, where he now was; and that he had covered him with a rug, and driven to the barn, that she might not be too suddenly shocked by the awful sight of

the dead body; and concluded with those consolatory remarks which, though unheard or unheeded, are usually addressed to those who are smitten down by sudden affliction. Before he had finished his narrative a loud, long-continued, and piercing cry of distress arose from the sleigh that thrilled the whole group, and brought them instantly to the door. The poor man's faithful and affectionate dog had discovered his master, and the strong instinct of the animal revealed to him at once that he would never more hear that voice of kindness and fellowship that had cheered him from day to day, or receive his food from that hand which had always been extended to feed or to fondle him. The postman then drove the sleigh to the door, lifted out the lifeless body, which had been frozen in its sitting attitude, and placing it in the same position on a large chest in a corner of the strangers' room, rested its back against the wall. It looked like a man not dead, but sleeping. He then withdrew the family into their sitting-room, and having placed some oats in a bucket before his horse, who ate them as he stood in his harness, he occupied the few remaining minutes of his time in endeavoring as he best could to condole with and comfort the poor widow and her helpless family. He was astonished at her fortitude. Her agony, it was evident, was almost insupportable, but she gave no vent to violent and unavailing lamentations. He was not the first, as he will be by no means the last, to admire this quality of the female mind when roused by great events to deep thought and cool and deliberate action. Weak, timid, and powerless as woman is, in the minor troubles and trials of life, when real danger and great afflictions are to be encountered, she rises superior to fear, calls in the aid of a judgment always good, when confidently relied on, and a moral courage surpassing that of man, because its foundations are not built on the delusive laws of honor, but deeply laid in conscious innocence, in a strong sense of the obligations of duty, and a pious and firm reliance on the might and goodness of God. Thus supported and strengthened, she sustains burdens disproportioned to her sex, and successfully resists afflictions that overpower the vigor, and appal the courage of man.

The poor widow heard him calmly and patiently, though words seemed to fail her when thanking him for his kindness. This portentous silence, however, deceived him. There are calamities too heavy to be borne, and misfortunes may overpower by surprise, that could be successfully resisted if their advent were known. Although the blow did not prostrate this miserable woman, it stunned her into insensibility. Thought and memory seemed suspended. Incapable of action herself, she was passive in the hands of her children. She had but one confused and indistinct idea that remained. She thought her husband was at home and asleep in the adjoining room, but his long slumber and unbroken silence did not alarm her. When her meals were prepared by her daughter, she would look round and say, "Call your father—tell him we wait for him;" or at night she would look into his room and admonish him it was prudent to wake up and go to bed, or he would take cold. The poor children gazed at her, wondered, and shed tears. Helpless, unprotected, and alone in the world, their little hearts failed them; and the inquiry often and often occurred to their minds, What is to become of us? Death, that sat embodied in one human form in that house, and had

laid his cold, benumbing hand on another, whom he appeared to have marked for his victim, seemed ready to devour them all. Silence first disclosed to them their solitude, and solitude their danger. On the third evening they clustered as usual round their mother's chair and prayed; but she was unable to join them. She looked at them, but did not seem to comprehend them. They then tried, with faltering lips and tearful eyes, a verse of a hymn, one that she had always been fond of; but two voices were now wanting, and they were alarmed at the feeble and plaintive sound of their own. The chords of the widow's heart vibrated at the sound of the music, and she looked about her, as one awaking from slumber. Thought, feeling, and sensibility returned; the fountains of her affections opened, and a flood of tears mingled with those of her children. She inquired of them the day of the week, and whether any person had been at the house since the postman left it, wrung her hands in agony at the thoughts of the length of her stupor, and having affectionately kissed and blessed her little ones, went to bed to weep unseen, and pour out her griefs and her petitions undisturbed to Him who has graciously promised His protection to the widow and the orphan.

In the morning she rose more composed, but sadly changed. Years had revolved in that night, and left their tracks and furrows on her faded cheek: and the depth, and strength, and acuteness of her mental sufferings had rendered her hair as white as the snow-wreath that death had folded round her husband as a winding-sheet. The struggle had been violent, but successful. She was afflicted but not subdued, bereft but not destitute. She was sensible of her situation, and willing to submit with humble resignation; aware of her duties, and ready to undertake them. She stood between the living and the dead. A fearful debt was to be discharged to the one, subsistence and comfort were due to the other. She commenced the morning with prayer from a church formulary that had been given her by a travelling missionary, and then went about her usual duties. As she sat by her fireside in the evening she revolved in her mind the new sphere in which she was placed. As any doubt or difficulty suggested itself, her loss became more and more apparent. How was her husband to be buried? The ground was frozen to the depth of three feet, and she was unable to dig a grave. She dare not go to the next neighbor's, a distance of seven miles, for she could not leave her children. She could not send her eldest daughter, for she did not know the way; and she, too, might be lost. She must wait for the postman; he would arrive in three days, and would assist her. If not, God would send relief when least expected. Everything, however, about her—everything she had to do, and everything she required, mixed itself in some way with recollections of him she mourned, and reminded her of some habit, word, or act of his. Even the weather now made her shudder. The storm, like a giant refreshed with sleep, arose again in all its might, and swept across the desert with such unbroken force that the snow appeared rather like a moving mass of drift than distinct and separate flakes. It was just such an evening as when her husband perished. She shuddered, and drew her children nearer to her on the hearth. They had always loved each other, but their affection was greatly increased now, for they knew that death was a reality.

They had seen it and felt its effects. It had lessened their number once, it could do so again. They had been told they were mortal, now they knew it. It was an awful disclosure to them, and yet what was death? It was not annihilation, for the body remained. That which had inhabited it, and animated it, was incorporeal, and had departed unseen. It was that unknown, invisible, and mysterious spirit, they had unconsciously loved, for the corpse shocked and terrified them. They had been instructed that there was a soul that survived the body, but they could not comprehend it. They now saw and shuddered at the difference between the living and the dead. It was palpable, but still it was not intelligible. Poor little innocents! it was their first practical lesson in mortality, and it was engraved on their aching hearts too deeply ever to be forgotten. Their affection now became more intense and far more tender, for solicitude had blended with and softened it. Yes, their little circle was stronger for having its circumference reduced; it could bear more pressure than before, if the burden were unhappily increased.

The time for rest had now approached, and the widow was weak and unwell. The thought of her unburied husband oppressed her. The presence of death, too, in the house, for so long a time, was a heavy load for her nerves; and, unable to sustain her feelings and reflections any longer, she resorted to her evening prayers with her little family, and added to the prescribed form a short and simple petition of her own. Her voice was almost inaudible amid the din and roar of the tempest, to those around her; but it penetrated far above the elements, and reached the throne of mercy to which it was addressed. Relieved, refreshed, and strengthened by this devotional exercise, they gathered again around the hearth ere the fire was secured for the night, and were engaged in some little consultation about the daily duties that were to be assigned to each, when they were aroused by a loud and violent knocking at the door. The mother arose and opened it, with a palpitating heart. Three strange, wild-looking, haggard men, entreated admittance for God's sake, for they were famished, and nearly chilled to death with the cold. What a contrast for that hitherto quiet and noiseless household! There were these men stamping on the floor, shaking off the snow from their clothes, beating their hands together, throwing down their packs, talking loudly, and all speaking at once—all calling for food, all demanding more fire, and all rejoicing in their shelter and safety. The children huddled together in affright in the corner of the room, and the poor mother trimmed her lamp, rebuilt her fire, and trembled as she reflected that she was alone and unprotected. Who are these men? she asked herself. Houseless in the storm, her heart replied, "Would to Heaven there had been such shelter for my poor John Lent! We need not fear, for God and our poverty are our protection." She told them they were in the house of death—that her husband lay dead, and, for want of assistance, unburied in the next room, but that all that could be done for them she would do, though at such a time, and in such a place, that all, of course, would be but very little. She advised them to keep at a distance from the fire, and having ascertained that they were not frost-bitten, set about getting them some refreshment. While at work she heard all that they had to say

to each other, and with the quickness of observation peculiar to the natives of this country, soon perceived they were not equals—that one of them spoke with a voice of authority; that another called him sir; and the third only answered when he was spoken to, and that all three were sailors. They had a fearful tale of trouble and of death, to which frequent allusion was made. They were the captain, mate, and steward, of a ship that had been wrecked that day on the coast beyond the hilly land in front of the cottage, and were the sole survivors of ten, who, on that morning, were pursuing their course on the ocean in perfect confidence and safety. A hearty meal was hastily prepared, and more hastily despatched. Liquor was then asked for; she trembled and obeyed. She was a lone woman, it was a dangerous thing, and she hesitated; but a moment's reflection suggested to her that it was impossible that they could either forget her loss or their own.

A fresh difficulty now occurred, to understand which it is necessary to describe the house. The chimney stood in the middle of the building, opposite the front door, which opened into a small entry. On the right was the family sitting-room, or kitchen, where they were now assembled, off which were two bedrooms. On the left three rooms were similarly arranged, and devoted to the accommodation of strangers. In the apartment corresponding to the one they were in was the frozen body of her husband, resting on a chest, in a sitting attitude, as I have before described. In order to prepare their beds, it was necessary to pass through that room, into which she had not ventured since she had recovered from her stupor. She was perplexed and distressed, but at last, having stated to the captain her difficulty, he at once ordered the steward to go and make the requisite arrangements. The master and mate having been thus provided for for the night, some blankets were given to the steward, who slept on the hearth, before the kitchen fire. In the morning the latter was sent to dig a grave for poor John Lent, while the other two, having procured the requisite tools, made him a coffin, into which he was placed with great difficulty, from the rigidity of his limbs. The little pony was then harnessed to the sledge, and the body was followed by the family and their guests to its last resting-place. The beautiful burial-service of the church was read over the deceased by the captain, amid the heartfelt sobs of the widow, the loud lamentations of the children, and the generous tears of the sailors. The scene was one that was deeply felt by all present. There was a community of suffering, a similarity of situation, and a sympathy among them all, that for the time made them forget they were strangers, and feel towards each other like members of one family. The mariners had twice narrowly escaped death themselves: first, from shipwreck, and then from the intensity of the weather; while seven of their comrades had been swept into eternity before their eyes. The poor widow, in losing John Lent, appeared to have lost everything—her friend, her support, her companion, and protector; the husband of her heart, the father of her children. If their losses were similar, their mutual sorrows were similar also. She had afforded them food, shelter, and a home. They had aided her in a most trying moment with their personal assistance, and comforted her with their sympathy and kindness. The next morning her guests visited the sea-shore, in order

to ascertain whether any portion of the cargo of their vessel could be saved. When they arrived at the scene of their disaster, they found that the vessel was gone; she had either fallen off from the precipitous cliff upon which she had been thrown by the violence of the sea, or been withdrawn by the reflux of the mountain waves, and had sunk into the deep water, where her masts could now just be discerned under its clear and untroubled surface. The cabin, which had been built on the deck, had been broken to pieces, and fragments of it were to be seen scattered about on the snow. Some few barrels and boxes from the steward's pantry had been thrown on shore, containing stores of various kinds, and also the captain's hammock and bedding. These were divided into two small lots of equal weight, and constituted two sleigh loads, for the travelling was too heavy to permit them all to be carried at once. The captain presented them, together with a purse of ten sovereigns, to the poor widow, as a token of his gratitude for her kindness and sympathy for his distress. She was also recommended to examine the shore from time to time after violent gales of wind, as many loose articles would no doubt hereafter float to the surface; and these, by a written authority, he empowered her to apply to her own use.

On the succeeding morning the postman returned with his mail, and furnished a conveyance for the steward. The captain and mate followed, under his guidance, with Mrs. Lent's little pony and sledge, which were to be returned the following mail-day by Ainslow. They now took an affectionate leave of each other, with mutual thanks and benedictions, and the widow and her family were again left to their sorrows and their labors. From that day she said an unseen hand had upheld her, fed her, and protected her, and that hand was the hand of the good and merciful God of the widow and the orphan. There were times, she added, when the wounds of her heart would burst open and bleed afresh; but she had been told the affections required that relief, and that Nature had wisely provided it, to prevent a worse issue. She informed me that she often saw her husband of late. When sitting by her solitary lamp, after her children had fallen asleep, she frequently perceived him looking in at the window upon her. She would sometimes rise and go there, with a view of conversing with him, but he always withdrew, as if he was not permitted to have an interview with her. She said she was not afraid to meet him; why should she be? He who had loved her in life would not harm her in death. As soon as she returned to her seat, he would again resume his place at the window, and watch over her for hours together. She had mentioned the circumstance to the clergyman, who charged her to keep her secret, and especially from her children, whose young and weak nerves it might terrify. He had endeavored to persuade her it was the reflection of her own face in the glass; that it was a natural effect, and by no means an unusual occurrence. But no one, she added, knew so well as those who saw with their own eyes. It was difficult, perhaps, for others, who had not been so favored and protected, to believe it, but it was, nevertheless, strictly true; and was a great comfort to her to think that his care and his love existed for her beyond the grave. She said many people had advised her to leave that place, as too insecure and inconvenient for a

helpless woman; but God had never failed them. She had never known want or been visited by illness, while she and her children had been fed in the wilderness like the chosen people of the Lord. He had raised her up a host of friends, whose hearts he had touched with kindness for her, and whose hands he had used as the instruments of his mercy and bounty. It would be ungrateful and distrustful in her to leave a place he had selected for her, and he might perhaps turn away his countenance in anger, and abandon her in her old age to poverty and want. And besides, she said, there is my old man; his visits now are dearer to me than ever; he was once my companion—he is now my guardian angel. I cannot and I will not forsake him while I live, and when it is God's will that I depart hence, I hope to be laid beside him, who, alive or dead, has never suffered this poor dwelling to be to me a "LONE HOUSE."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CHAMBER OF THE BELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE events which we are about to relate occurred in a small and obscure German town, which, for our own convenience, we will designate Nienberg. Who, in the present day, is unacquainted with the general outline of the petty towns of the "Fatherland?" Suffice it, that Nienberg formed no exception to the rule, but showed its narrow streets of tall, many-gabled, and picturesque-looking houses, its dark, mysterious churches, its long lines of convent walls, its close and irregular-shaped places, and its motley population of peasants, monks, soldiers, *béguines*, and beggars. As regarded its geography, it was seated at the base of one of two conical hills; that immediately in its rear being cultivated to nearly two thirds of its height, and planted on the southern side with vines, while the more lofty and more distant eminence was crowned by the mouldering remains of what had evidently once been a formidable stronghold. Upon this rock no trace of vegetation could be detected; all was arid, bleak, and desolate; the crude and abrupt outline of the height being broken in many places by the remains of cyclopean masonry, indicating the extent and direction of the outworks, which, on the more accessible sides of the acclivity, descended almost to the valley. Portions of now mouldering towers, blending their hoary tints with that of the stones on which they had been seated for centuries, afforded shelter to the foul birds of carnage and darkness, whose shrill screams and hoarse hootings swelled and quivered upon the night-wind, like the wailings of the dead over the ruins of their former pride. The valley or gorge between the two hills was scarcely more cheerful than the castled height which frowned above it, for it was occupied throughout its whole extent with graves; save that, immediately under the shadow of the eminence last described, stood a low and small erection of stone, parted by this city of the dead from the living town of Nienburg; which, cut off by an angle of its own vine-clad eminence from all view of this dreary necropolis, was further enlivened by a cheerful stream, which swept swiftly and smilingly at its foot, hurrying to east its pure and sparkling waters into the bosom of the Rhine. A few light craft moored along the shore, heaved

lazily upon the current, and the nets of the fishers spread upon the bank sufficiently denoted the uses of the little fleet.

Beyond the town, in the opposite direction to the ruins, spread one of those fine old forests to which Germany is indebted for so much of her prosperity and so many of her superstitions; and where the warm sun and the flying clouds produced the most fantastic effects, as they grappled for power above the stern old trees, spread over the rarely occurring glades, or succeeded each other upon the dancing leaves. The blast which had howled its defiance over the neighboring ruins, where it beat freely against the sharp rock and the rigid masonry, took another and a wilder tone as it penetrated into the mystic depths of the dark wood, or forced its way through the living network of the swinging branches. None ventured there at nightfall; the goatherd drove home his flock, the woodsman laid by his axe, and the benighted fowler hastened to escape into the open country, without venturing to cast one glance behind upon the scenes of his day's sport.

Such was the position of the little town, to some of whose inhabitants we are about to introduce our readers. It was evening, and a bright moon was paving the river with flakes of silver, which looked like the armor of some water-giant, beneath which his huge frame was quivering with desire to visit the tranquil earth that slept so peacefully beside him. The breeze was sighing through the vines, and heaving aside their large glossy leaves and delicate tendrils; the laughter of children and the voices of women might be heard at intervals: and here and there, upon the bosom of the stream, rested a bright red glare which was reflected upon the trembling current. The fishermen were busy, plying their trade by torch-light.

Upon the very verge of the town stood a house, separated from the street by a high wall inclosing a spacious garden, laid out with scrupulous care and almost painful formality. Flowers of every scent, and of every color, blossomed in minute patches of the most grotesque and varied shapes; trim-cut hedges of yew, with their outline broken at intervals by strange uncouth figures, clipped into deformity from the same material; monstrous statues of discolored stone, and of proportions which defied criticism, mounted upon square pedestals; basins fringed with water plants and peopled with gold fish; and paths, smoothly and brightly gravelled, formed the *matériel* of this pleasure; in the midst of which stood the house, with its tall gable turned towards the street, the heavy beams of its roof carved at the extremities into whimsical finials, and its leaden gyrgoyles grinning like an assemblage of demon heads, beneath the shadow of the slender cupola which supported the vane.

Nor did the appearance of the mansion within belie its outward promise. It was spacious and cleanly. No accessory to comfort was wanting. The high-backed chairs, whose carving was terminated by a rude representation of the family crest, were well cushioned. There was a soft carpet on the centre of the floor; family portraits were panelled into the walls; and the doors and windows were screened by heavy draperies of fringed damask. Everything bore the stamp of extreme care and scrupulous management. There were birds and flowers upon a table, which stood within the deep bay of an immense window look-

ing upon the garden from the apartment where our story is to begin; and upon a second, drawn near to the porcelain stove, which occupied an angle of the room, were placed a lamp, some female working materials, such as Berlin wool, colored silks, and a half-knitted stocking; a few books, and some fishing apparatus.

On one side of the stove sat a female, of about five-and-thirty years old. She was comely but not handsome; her eyes were fine and clear, but the dark brows by which they were overhung almost met in the centre, forming that waving line beneath the forehead so prized by the modern Greeks, but which gives such a harshness to the countenance. There was, moreover, a terseness and decision about the lines of her mouth which accorded well with those dark brows; and her head was seated upon her shoulders with a majesty which would have become an empress. Her complexion was perfectly fair, but its freshness was gone; her teeth were beautiful, and her hands and arms faultless. Her face wore a pained expression, as though the sorrows which had passed over her had never been forgotten, and as though she did not yet believe them to be over. At the moment in which we are describing her, she was buried in deep and evidently painful thought; even her knitting, that everlasting resource of a German woman, was thrown aside, and she sat with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her head bowed down, as though her reflections were too heavy a burden for her to support upright. Her brows were knit together, and her thin lips compressed, while she beat upon the floor with her foot rapidly and feverishly, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the feeling by which she was oppressed.

She was still in this attitude when the door was suddenly opened, and she hastily roused herself, and resumed the abandoned knitting.

The intruder was a fine strongly-built man, some five years her junior, and it was easy to decide at a glance that they were nearly related; there were the same thick continuous brows, the same stern expression about the mouth, the same high forehead surmounted by masses of rich brown hair, the same majestic carriage of the head; but all the features which, in the case of the female, produced an effect almost repelling, made of the man a noble specimen of masculine beauty. Nevertheless, it was a fearful beauty, and wore the brightness of the lurid vapor which veils the summer thunder. There was a light in his large brown eyes which, even in his calmest moments, betrayed the fiery spirit that slept within, and a scorn in the curve of his thin lips which gave a bitterness to their harshness.

"You are late, Elric," said the lady; "the supper has been served for the last hour."

"I have been in the forest," was the reply, "and took no heed of time."

"During our mother's life——" commenced the watcher.

"I know what you are about to say, Stephanie," interposed the young man, impatiently. "During our mother's life, I was compelled to a rigid punctuality; now, I am my own master, and have to answer to no one for an hour's delay."

"Could I only be assured that you were wandering there alone——" murmured the lady.

"Hark you, gräfin," said Elric, turning his flashing eyes full upon her, as he twisted tightly about his fingers a trout-line which he had caught

up from the table; I have already warned you that I will hear no more upon this subject. Do I ever thwart your wishes? Do I ever control your amusements? Do I ever dictate to your affections? You may marry, if you will, the veriest boor in Nienberg; your destiny will be of your own seeking, and you are old enough to exert your free-will; but I will be equally unfettered. I respected the prejudices of my mother, because she was my mother; but I will brook no more womanly dictation. Be warned in time."

"The daughter of a fisherman!" exclaimed the lady, scornfully, as she raised her eyes to his.

The young count sprang a pace towards her, with a red spot burning upon either cheek; but he instantly checked himself, and said, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "Even so, my lady countess, the daughter of a fisherman; and you have yet to learn that the subtle essence which men call mind can be diffused through the being of a fisher's daughter as freely and fully as through that of a landgrave's heiress; that the sublime——"

"Supper waits, Herr Graf," said his sister, rising haughtily from her seat, and leading the way to an inner apartment.

The meal passed in silence. The presence of the servants prevented any allusion to the subject which occupied the minds of both, and neither was willing to make an effort to banish it. Under such circumstances it is, therefore, scarcely surprising that on their return to the drawing-room the brother and sister at once recurred to the obnoxious theme.

It is, however, time that we should explain to the reader the position of the noble orphans. Count Elric Königstein was the last representative of a proud and ancient family which, originally both powerful and wealthy, had become impoverished by the loyalty and improvidence of its chiefs, and, as a natural consequence, had lost its influence with its riches. *Geschenke halten die Freundschaft warm* had for generations been the motto of their race; and they had so long been distinguished for an open hand and an ungrudging generosity, that at length they found themselves with nothing more to give.

The Thirty Years' War had cost Count Elric the small remains of the family treasure and the life of his father; and he found himself, at the age of sixteen, under the tutelage of his mother, with for all patrimony, the house at Nienburg, a small estate in the neighborhood, and the moiety of her jointure, scrupulously divided between himself and his sister at the death of their last parent. The young man, like all the other males of his race, panted for a military life; but the old Countess von Königstein positively negated his inclination. He was the last hope of the family; and as she looked upon the noble promise of his magnificent person, she had proud dreams of the total restoration of their house by his alliance with some high-born and wealthy heiress.

Meanwhile, the high-spirited Elric led what was, for him, a life of slow torture. Denied the education suited to his rank by the utter inability of the countess to meet the expense of one of the universities, he was placed under the care and tuition of a priest attached to the principal church of Nienburg, and soon mastered the very limited stock of erudition which was boasted by the good father, while his hours at home were even more heavy and unprofitable. Disappointed in her ambition, crippled in her means, and soured by

her trials, the widow was countess, weak in mind and tyrannical by nature, expended upon trifles the energy and order which were better suited to matters of importance. Her pleasure-ground was typical of her whole life. She had not one enlarged idea; not one great perception; but pressed her iron rod upon rushes and weeds. All was monotony and submissiveness in the old mansion; and it will be understood that an under-current of lassitude and disgust soon destroyed the beautiful unity of nature which is so blessed an attribute of the young. Father Eberhard preached obedience to the revolting spirit of the youth, and he obeyed in so far as by word and action he could follow the counsel he received, but in the depths of his spirit he rebelled. No word of encouragement, no sentence of endearment ever escaped the pinched lips of the countess. Like many other weak persons, she believed that dignity consisted in an absence of all concession, and gratified her vanity by adopting as her creed that an absence of rebuke should satisfy all around her, but that none should venture to presume upon her indulgence.

In this dreary way did she fritter away her age, but the evil did not end there; for she wasted along with it the fresh youth and pure spirits of her children, already sufficiently unfortunate from their exceptionable position. In her daughter she found a docile pupil; nor did Stephanie resist, even when her mother dashed the cup of happiness from her lips by refusing her consent to a marriage which would have crowned her dearest hopes. The suitor, unexceptionable as he was in point of character, income, and disposition, failed in exhibiting—like the Königsteins—his nine quarterings, and was rejected accordingly. Stephanie, as we have said, submitted; but she was blighted in heart from that day forth; and—last and worst misery for the young—she ceased to hope in the future. What could it offer to her which would remedy the past? And with her occasional bursts of cheerfulness fled the sole charm of home to her boy-brother. Yet still he controlled himself, for his was not a nature to waste its strength on trifles which he felt to be unworthy of the strife. There was a fire within, but it was buried deep beneath the surface, like that of a volcano, which, suffering even for years, the vicinity of man and of man's works, slowly collects its deadly power, and then in one dread effort spreads ruin and desolation on all within its influence.

At length the countess died, and her children mourned for her as we all mourn over accustomed objects of which we are suddenly deprived. They missed her every day and every hour; they missed her harsh and cold accents; they missed her imperious orders; her minute reproaches; her restless movements. They felt themselves alone; abandoned to self-government after years of unquestioning subjection; the world of their own home appeared too vast for them when they were called upon to inhabit it without the presence of the ruling spirit which had hitherto sufficed to fill its void. Nor did the orphans draw more closely together as they walked away, hand in hand, from beside the grave of their last parent. They had no longer a feeling in common. Stephanie was like the tree prostrated by the lightning, and crushed into the earth by the weight of its own fall; Elric was like the sturdy sapling braving the tempest, and almost wooing it to burst, that he might feel its wild breath rioting among the leaves which now lay hushed and motionless upon their

thoughts. Moreover, debarred the healthful and exciting exercises of her brother, the young countess had never passed a day, and scarce an hour, beyond her mother's presence; and careless of herself, she had necessarily followed the monotonous routine of her home duties, until she had ceased to see how poor and pitiful a result the majority of them led. The spring of her life—if such a life can be said ever to have had a spring—was over; the little vanities of her sex had ceased to occupy her; and she pursued the same dreary round of occupations and anxieties, eventually as much from choice as custom.

If Elric, as he turned away from his mother's grave, hoped for a brighter home or a more congenial companionship, it was not long ere he was fully undeceived. Nothing could arouse Stephanie from the moral torpor into which she had fallen; and, never doubting that her privilege of eldership would leave her right of control unquestioned, she endeavored to compel her young and fiery brother to the same wearisome, heart-sickening monotony of which she had herself long ceased to feel the bitterness. In this attempt she was destined, however, signally to fail. Crippled as he was in his worldly career by the comparative poverty in which he found himself, Elric was, nevertheless, like the wounded eagle, which, although it cannot soar against the sun, may still make its *aërie* in the free air and upon the mountain-heights. His strength was crushed but not subdued. It is impossible to say what he might have been had his impetuous passions been diffused and rightly directed. The leaping torrent may be diverted into a channel, and turned to purposes of usefulness, in which its headlong fury, exhausting itself by degrees, may leave it to flow on ultimately in a clear and placid stream; while, unheeded and unguided, it must prove only a source of ruin and destruction. And such was the moral condition of Count Elric. He felt his strength, but he was yet ignorant of its power, and utterly unskilled in its control.

Many years, however, had passed over the orphans in dreamy listlessness. Once the young man had endeavored to condole with his sister upon the heart-stroke inflicted by the prejudices of their mother; but his sympathy awakened no response in her cicatrized heart. She even applauded the rigor which had saved her from the remorse of disgracing her family, and urged upon him the necessity of being careful that her sacrifice should not be made in vain.

This was the last attempt of Elric to open up the springs of family affection; and he felt his failure the more bitterly, that he yearned for a companionship of spirit. Even the worthy Father Eberhard was lost to him; for he had been called to a distant mission and had quitted Nienburg, in all probability, forever. He looked around him, and envied the busy inhabitants of the little town, who pursued alike their avocations and their amusements in common; while he sighed as he remembered that from these he was alike shut out. He could not, now that he had attained the age of manhood, volunteer a partnership in the social occupations of the plebeian citizens with whom he had been forbidden all association during his youth, and with whom he could now never hope to meet upon equal terms.

The solitary young man turned, in his isolation, to Nature; and Nature is a marvellous comforter to those who can appreciate her consolations and her endearments. He threw aside his books; they

had long ceased to afford him either amusement or instruction; he abandoned his sister to her solitary home. She scarcely seemed to remark his absence, save when it interfered with the clock-work regularity of the little household; and he rushed away to the forest depths, and flung himself down beneath the shadows of the tall trees, and thought until thought became madness; and then he seized his gun, and pursued his game through the tangled underwood, until, in fatigue of body, he forgot his bitterness of soul; or plunged once more into the sunshine, and paddling his boat into the centre of the stream, waged war upon the finny tribes that peopled it. His return, when laden with these spoils, was always welcome to the countess, for she was too good a housewife not to appreciate such an assistance to their slender means; but suddenly this resource, upon which she had begun to calculate in their daily arrangements, failed her all at once; nor could Elric, when questioned upon the subject, offer such reason for his defection as tended to satisfy her mind. With the true perception of a woman, she felt that there was a mystery. Where could Elric spend the long hours in which he was daily absent from home? and with whom?

Suddenly a suspicion grew upon her, and a deep crimson flush overspread her usually pale cheek as she began, with a beating heart, to take a mental survey of her distant neighborhood.

"It cannot be the *gräfin* Rosa," she murmured to herself: "for although Elric could row to the schloss in three hours, he could not return in the same time against the current; nor would the proud countess encourage him: he is too poor. No, no—it cannot be the *gräfin* Rosa. Baron Kadschan's daughter!—Equally impossible. Elric has no horses, and there are five long leagues between us. Constance von Hartheim!—Still more improbable. She is to take the vows next year in Our Lady of Mercy. Poor, too, as himself, and as noble. No, no, her family would not permit it. And we know none other! Unless, indeed, the dark-eyed daughter of the Burgomeister of Nienburg. But I am mad—he dare not!—I would rather see him stretched out yonder in the death-valley."

The eye of the proud countess flamed, and the deep red glow burned on her cheek and brow; she clenched her slender hands tightly together, and her breath came thick and fast; but she soon controlled her emotion, and whispered to herself with a bitter laugh, which sounded strangely in that silent room, "No, no, he dare not!"

CHAPTER II.

"Whisht, whisht, Mina; here is the Herr Graf!"

A joyous and graceful peal of laughter was the sole and evidently incredulous reply to this warning. There was no mistaking the origin of that melodious mirth: you felt at once that the lips from which it had gushed were fresh, and rich, and youthful; and that the eyes which danced in their own light as it rang out were eyes such as poets dream of when they have visions of a world unknown of sin.

"Once more, Mina, dear Mina, I vow by my patron-saint! here is the Herr Graf."

These words were uttered by a young girl in the costume of a peasant, with a round, good-humored, sun-burnt face, bare arms bronzed by exposure to

the weather, and one of those stunted and muscular figures which seem to herald an existence of toil and hardship. She was standing near a cluster of marsh-willows which overshadowed a little runlet, that, descending from the height above the town, swept onward to the river. As Elric, for it was of him that she spoke, reached the spot, a second figure sprang from a sitting position, and stood before him. The young count started, and forgetting that he was in the presence of two mere peasant girls, with intuitive courtesy withdrew his cap. Well might he start; for such a vision as that upon which he looked had never before met his eyes.

It was that of a young girl in the first dawn of her beauty. The glow of fifteen summers was on her cheek, the light of heaven dwelt in the depths of her dark blue eyes, whose lashes, long and lustrous, tempered without concealing their brightness. A flood of hair of that precious shade of auburn which seems to catch the sunbeams, and to imprison them in its glowing meshes, fell upon her finely-developed shoulders, which were partially bare. Her little feet, moulded like those of an antique nymph, and gleaming in their whiteness through the limpid waves by which they were bathed, were also necessarily uncovered; one small delicate hand still grasped, and slightly lifted the coarse, but becoming drapery in which she was attired. Her figure was perfect, and bending slightly forward, half in fear and half in shame, looked as though a sound would startle, and impel it into flight. The lips, parted by the same impulse, revealed teeth like ivory; and the whole aspect and attitude of the girl was so lovely that Canova might have created his master-piece after such a model.

For an instant there was silence, but only for an instant; for, his first surprise over, the young count sprang forward and offered his hand to the fair maid to lead her to the bank. She obeyed without remonstrance, for so great an honor had rendered her powerless to resist; and, in the next moment she stood beside him, with her small white feet half-buried among the yielding grass.

Who cannot guess the sequel of such a meeting? Intoxicated by her beauty, thrall'd by her graceful simplicity, an hour had not passed ere Elric had forgotten the nine quarterings of the Königsteins and the real position of the fisherman's daughter. A new world had developed itself to the fascinated recluse. Hitherto, he had dwelt only amid coldness and restraint; no kindred spirit had awakened at his touch; no heart had throbbed beneath his gaze. Now, he saw a fair cheek glow and a bright eye sink under his praise: he felt the trembling of the little hand which he grasped within his own; and he began to understand that he was not alone on earth.

The father of Mina was poor, very poor. Her mother was dead. She was the one pet lamb which to the fisher was dearer than the flock of the rich man: she was the child of his age and of his prayers; the light of his narrow dwelling; the sunbeam of his home. He was not long ere he heard of the meeting under the alder-trees; and poor and powerless as he was, he resolved, as he kissed the pure brow of his daughter when she lay down to rest, to remonstrate with the Herr Graf, that his pure one might be left unto him pure. He did so on the morrow, when once more, Mina and Elric had met beside the mountain-stream. The girl was there because the count had made her

promise to meet him; and he, because his whole soul was already wrapped up in the peasant-maiden. They were sitting side by side, and hand in hand, when the old fisher came upon them; and they both looked up, Mina with a blush, and Elric with a smile, but neither shrank beneath the stern and anxious eye of the old man.

"Is this well, Herr Graf?" asked the father, in a voice which was full of tears; "the strong against the weak, the rich against the poor, the proud against the humble? Have pity upon me, I have but her."

"And she is worth all the world, old man," replied Elric calmly; "possessed of her *you* are the rich, the strong, and the proud. I was alone until I found her."

"And now, my lord count?"

"Now she must be mine."

The sturdy fisher clenched his hand, and moved a pace nearer to the young noble.

Elric sprang to his feet, and grasped the convulsed hand.

"She has promised, and she will perform: will you condemn me again to solitude and to despair?"

"My lord count," gasped the grey-haired man; "Heaven knows how I have toiled to keep a roof above her head, and comfort at her hearth; and my labor has been light, for her evening welcome has more than paid me for the struggle of the day. Leave us then in peace. Do not make me weep over the shame I may not have the power to avert."

"You are her father," murmured Elric passionately, as his large eyes flashed, and his lips quivered; "or you should not live again to couple her name with the idea of shame. Mina shall be my wife!"

The astonished fisherman staggered as though he had been struck by a heavy hand.

"Your wife, Herr Graf! You dream! Mina can never be your wife. Your name is the noblest that has ever met her ear. You dwell in a palace, and may stand before the emperor. And what is she!"

"My affianced bride!" said the young count, proudly: "my life had become a bitter burden, and she has turned it to one long dream of delight; the future was a vision of which I feared to dwell upon the darkness; she is the sunbeam which has brought day into the gloom, and spread before me a long perspective of happiness. Talk not to me of my proud name; I would I had been born a coter's son, that so I might have had fellowship with my kind."

Mina only wept.

"Surely I dream!" murmured the old man, passing his hard hand across his brow. "My child is so young—so ignorant."

"I will be her tutor."

"So unfitted to be the wife of a noble."

"I am poor enough to be a peasant."

"I shall die if I am left desolate."

"You shall be her father and my father; her friend and my friend." While he spoke Elric bent his knee, and drew Mina to his bosom; and as the beams of the declining sun fell upon the group, the long shadow of the old man rested upon the kneeling pair. The aged fisher bent his grey head and wept.

No vows were plighted: none were needed; and henceforth the whole soul of Elric was wrapped up in his peasant-love. One only weight pressed upon

his spirit. He remembered the prejudices of his sister, and shrank before the bitter scorn with which he well knew that she would visit the timid and unoffending Mina. This was the only evil from which he felt powerless to screen her. That the cold and proud Countess Stephanie and the fisher's daughter could share one common home, he did not dare to hope; yet his roof must be the shelter of his young bride; nor could he contemplate the departure of his sister from the dwelling of her ancestors without a pang of anguish; he felt that she would go forth only to die. This conviction made a coward of him; and he left her knowledge of his defalcation to chance.

It was not long ere a rumor reached her of the truth, but she spurned it in haughty disbelief. It could not be—day and night might change their course, and the stars of heaven spring to earthly life amid the green sward of the swelling hills—but a Königstein to wed with a peasant! No—no—the young countess remembered her own youth, and laughed the tale to scorn. Still she watched, and pondered over the long and profitless absences of Elric; and still her midnight dreams were full of vague and terrible visions; when at length she was compelled to admit the frightful truth.

Had the gräfine been a woman of energy and impetuous passions, she would have become insane under the blow; but she had passed a life of self-centred submissiveness; and if the thunder was indeed awakened, it reverberated only in the depths of her spirit, and carried no desolation upon its breath. Cold, uncompromising, and resolute, she had gradually become under the example of her mother and the force of circumstances. The one great end of her existence was now the honor of her race, of which she was only the more jealous as their poverty rendered it the more difficult to uphold. All else had been denied to her: a home of loving affection, the charm of social intercourse, the pleasures of her sex and of her rank—she had grasped nothing but the overweening pride of ancestry, and a deep scorn for all who were less nobly born.

The last bolt had now fallen! Months passed on; months of dissension, reproach, and bitterness. For awhile she hoped that what she deemed the wild and unworthy fancy of her brother would not stand the test of time; nay, in her cold-hearted pride, she perhaps had other and more guilty hopes, but they were equally in vain. Mina was daily more dear to the young count, for she had opened up to him an existence of affection and of trust to which he had been hitherto a stranger; his time was no longer a burden upon his strength. The days were too short for the bright thoughts which crowded upon him, the nights for his dreams of happiness. Mina had already become his pupil, and they studied beside the running streams and under the leafy boughs; and when the page was too difficult to read, the young girl lifted her sun-bright eyes to those of her tutor, and found its solution there.

The lovers cared not for time, for they were happy; and the seasons had once revolved, and when the winter snows had forbidden them to pursue their daily task in the valley or upon the hill-side, the last descendant of the counts of Königstein had taken his place beside the fisher's hearth, without bestowing one thought upon its poverty. But the father's heart was full of care. Already had idle tongues breathed foul suspicions

of his pure and innocent child. She was becoming the subject of a new legend for the gossips of the neighborhood; and he was powerless to avenge her. Humble himself as he might to their level, the fisherman could not forget that it was the young Graf von Königstein who was thus domesticated beneath his roof; and as time wore on he trembled to think how all this might end. Should he even preserve the honor of his beloved Mina, her peace of mind would be gone forever, and she would be totally unfitted for the existence of toil and poverty, which was her birthright. He could not endure this cruel thought forever in silence, and on the evening in which we have introduced the orphans to our readers, he had profited by the temporary absence of Mina to pour out before the young count all the treasure of wretchedness which he had so long concealed. Elric started as the frightful fact burst upon him. He had already spurned the world's sneer, but he could not brook that its scorn should rest upon his innocent young bride.

"Enough, old man!" he said, hoarsely; "enough. These busy tongues shall be stayed. These wonder-mongers shall be silenced. And when once Mina has become my wife, woe be to him who shall dare to couple her pure image with suspicion!"

He left the hut with a hasty step, and was soon lost among the dense shadows of the neighboring forest. A bitter task was before him, but it was too late to shrink from its completion; yet still he lingered, for he dared not picture to himself what might be the result of his explanation with his sister.

We have already described their meeting; and now having acquainted the reader with the excited state of mind and feeling in which the young count entered his dreary home, we will rejoin the noble orphans in the apartment to which they had returned from the supper-room. The countess at once resumed her seat beside the stove, and drawing her frame towards her, affected to be intently occupied on the elaborate piece of embroidery which it contained; but Elric had less self-government. He paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps: and the moisture started from his brow as he strove to control the emotion which shook his frame. At length he spoke, and his voice was so hoarse, so deep, and so unnatural, that the young gräfine involuntarily started.

"Stephanie!" he said; "the moment is at last come in which we must understand each other without disguise. We are alone in the world—we are strangers in heart—as utterly strangers as on the day when we buried our last parent. I sought in vain, long years ago, to draw the bond of relationship closer, but such was not your will. You had decided that my youth and my manhood alike should be one long season of weariness and isolation. I utter no reproach, it was idle in me to believe that without feeling for yourself you could feel for me. You knew that I had no escape, that I had no resource; but you cared not for this, and you have lived on among the puerilities of which you have made duties, and the prejudices of which you have made chains of iron, without remembering their effect on me. I have endured this long, too long; I have endured it uncomplainingly, but the limits of that endurance are now overpast. Henceforth we must be more, far more, or nothing, to each other."

"I understand your meaning, Gräfin von König-

stein," said the lady, rising coldly and haughtily from her seat; "there is to be a bridal beneath the roof of your noble ancestors; the daughter of a serf is to take our mother's place, and to sit in our mother's chair. Is it not so? Then hear me in my turn; and I am calm, you see, for this is an hour for which I have been long prepared. Hear me swear that, while I have life, this shall never be!"

There was rage as well as scorn in the laughter by which the count replied.

"Beneath the roof of my father was I born," pursued the countess; "and beneath his roof will I die. I, at least, have never sullied it by one thought of dishonor. I can look around me boldly, upon these portraits of our honored race, for the spirits of the dead will not blush over my degeneracy. Mistake me not. My days shall end here where they began; and no churl's daughter shall sit with me at my ancestral hearth."

"Stephanie, Stephanie, forbear!" exclaimed the count, writhing like one in physical agony. "You know not the spirit that you brave. Hitherto I have been supine, for hitherto my existence has not been worth a struggle; to-day it is otherwise; I will submit no longer to a code of narrow-hearted bigotry. You say truly. There will ere long be a bridal in my father's house, and purer or fairer bride never pledged her faith to one of his ancient race."

"None fairer, perchance," said the lady, with a withering gesture of contempt; "but profane not the glorious blood that fills your veins, and that ought now to leap in hot reproach to your false heart, by slandering the blameless dead! Purer, said you? The breath of slander has already fastened upon the purity you seek to vaunt. Your miracle of virtue has long been the proverb of the chaste."

The young man struck his brow heavily with his clenched hand, and sank into a chair.

"Once more," he gasped out, "I warn you to beware. You are awakening a demon within me! Do you not see, weak woman, that you are yourself arming me with weapons against your pride? If slander has indeed rested upon the young and innocent head of her whom you affect to despise, by whom did that slander come?"

"Herein we are at least agreed," answered the countess, in the same cold and unimpassioned tone in which she had all along spoken; "had you, Herr Graf, never forgotten what was due to yourself and to your race, the fisher's daughter might have mated with one of her own class, and so have escaped; but you saw fit to drag her forth from the slough which was her natural patrimony into the light, that scorn might point its finger at her and blight her as it passed her by."

"Could I but learn whose was that devilish finger—could I but know who first dared to breathe a whisper against her fair fame—"

"What vengeance would you wreak upon the culprit, Count von Königstein? Suppose I were to tell you that it was I, who to screen the honor of our house, to screen your own, rebutted the rumor which was brought to me of your mad folly, and bade the gossips look closer ere they dared to couple your name with that of a beggar's child? Suppose that others spoke upon that hint, do you deem that I am likely to tremble beneath your frown?"

"Devil!" muttered the young man from be-

tween his clenched teeth; "you may have cause! Thus, then, Gräfine, you have dishonored your sister," he said, after a pause.

The lady threw back her head scornfully.

"Do you still persist?" she asked, as her heavy brow gathered into a storm.

"Now more than ever. Those who have done the wrong shall repair it, and that speedily. You have declared that you will die beneath the roof of your ancestors; be it so; but that roof shall be shared by your brother's wife; and woe be to them who cause the first tear that she shall shed here!"

"Madman and fool!" exclaimed the exasperated countess, whose long-pent-up passions at length burst their bounds, and swept down all before them; "complete this disgraceful compact if you dare! Remember, that although your solitary life might have enabled you to marry without the interference of the emperor, had you chosen a wife suited to your birth and rank, one word from me will end your disgraceful dream; or should you still persist, you will exchange your birth-place for a prison. This word should have been said ere now, but that I shrank from exposing your degeneracy; trust no longer, however, to my forbearance: the honor of our race is in my hands, and I will save it at whatever cost. Either pledge yourself upon the spot to forego this degrading fancy, or the sun of to-morrow shall not set before I depart for Vienna."

Elric gasped for breath. He well knew the stern and unflinching nature of his sister; he felt that he was indeed in her power. The whole happiness of his future life hung upon that hour, but he scorned to give a pledge which he had not the strength, nay more, which he had no longer even the right, to keep.

"Beware, Stephanie, beware!" he exclaimed in a tone of menace; "beware alike of what you say and of what you do; for you are rapidly bursting the bonds by which we are united."

"You have yourself already done so," was the bitter retort; "when you sought to make me share your affection with a base-born hind's daughter, you released me from those ties, which I no longer recognize."

"Are you seeking to drive me to extremity?"

"I am endeavoring to awaken you to a sense of duty and of honor."

"Stephanie, we must part! The same roof can no longer cover us. You have aroused an evil spirit within my breast which I never knew abided there. Take your inheritance and depart."

"Never! I have already told you that I have sworn to live and die under this roof, and that while I have life you shall be saved from dishonor. You dare not put me forth, and I will perform my vow."

"Gräfine, I am the master here!"

"It may be so, and yet I despise your menace. We will talk no more on this hateful subject."

"On this or none. If you remain here, you remain as the associate of my wife."

"Never! And were my eyes once profaned by her presence within these sacred walls, she would have cause to curse the hour in which she entered them."

"Ha!"

"Nature, the laws of your class, and the custom of your rank, oppose so glaring a degrada-

tion; nor am I more forbearing than nature, custom, and the law. My determination is irrevocable."

"It may be that it is of slight importance," said the young noble, as he turned upon her eyes whose pupils were dilated, and seemed slightly tinged with blood, "I cannot condescend to further entreaty or expostulation. We now understand each other."

As he ceased speaking, the countess re-seated herself, with a sarcastic smile playing about her lip, but the tempest which was raging in the breast of Elric was frightful. His hands were so tightly clenched that the blood had started beneath the nails. The veins of his throat and forehead were swollen like chords, and his thin lips were livid and trembling. As he passed athwart the apartment he suddenly paused; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and he gasped for breath, and clung to a chair, like one suddenly smitten with paralysis. Then came a rush of crimson over his features, as though his heart had rejected the coward blood which had just fled to it, and flung it back as a damning witness to his burning brow. And still the lady wrought upon her tapestry with a steady hand beneath the broad light of the lamp; nor could a line of passion be traced upon her calm, pale face.

Before the count retired to rest that night, he heard the voice of his sister desiring that a seat might be secured for her in the post-carriage which passed through Nienburg during the following day, on its way to Vienna. She had uttered no idle threat, and Elric was not ignorant of the stringency of that authority which she was about to evoke. Should his intended marriage once reach the ears of the emperor, Mina was lost forever. Driven almost to frenzy, the young man raised in his powerful hand the heavy lamp which still burnt upon the table, and eagerly made the circuit of the room, pausing before each picture, as though he still hoped to find among those of his female ancestors a precedent for his own wild passion; but he looked in vain. Upon all he traced the elaborately-embazoned shield and the pompous title. He had long known that it was so; but at that moment he scrutinized them closely, as though he anticipated that a miracle would be wrought in his behalf. This done, he once more replaced the lamp on its accustomed stand; and after glaring for awhile into the flame, as if to brave the fire that burnt pale beside that which flashed from beneath his own dark brows, he walked slowly to a cabinet which occupied an angle of the apartment.

It contained a slender collection of shells and minerals, the bequest of Father Eberhard to his pupil on his departure from Nienburg; a few stuffed birds, shot and preserved by the count himself; and, finally, a few chemical preparations with which the good priest had tried sundry simple experiments as a practical illustration of his lessons. It was to this latter division of the cabinet that the young man directed his attention. He deliberately lighted a small taper at the lamp, and then drew from their concealment sundry phials, containing various colored liquids. Of these he selected one two thirds full of a white and limpid fluid, which he placed in his breast; and this done, he extinguished his taper, returned it to its niche, and, closing the cabinet, threw himself into a chair, pale, haggard, and panting.

He had not been seated many seconds when, at

the sound of an approaching step, he lifted his aching head from his arm, and endeavored to assume an appearance of composure. It was that of the venerable woman who had been the favorite attendant of his mother, and who had, upon her marriage, followed her from her home, and ultimately become his nurse. A shuddering thrill passed through his veins, for he was awaiting her. She was accustomed each night, after his sister had retired, to prepare for both a draught of lemonade as their night-beverage, and first leaving one with her young master, to carry the other to the chamber of the countess. Her appearance was therefore anticipated; and she remained for an instant, as usual, in order to receive the praise which her beloved nursing never failed to lavish upon her skill; but, for the first time, Elric objected to the flavor of the draught, and requested her to bring him a lemon that he might augment its acidity. The discomfited old woman obeyed, and, having deposited her salver upon the table, left the room. Elric started up, grasped a mass of his dishevelled hair in his hand with a violence which threatened to rend it from the roots, uttered one groan which seemed to tear asunder all the fibres of his heart, and then glared about him, rapidly but searchingly, ere he drew the fatal phial from his breast, and slowly, gloatingly poured out the whole of the liquid into the porcelain cup which had been prepared for his sister. As he did so, a slight acrid scent diffused itself over the apartment, but almost instantly evaporated, and the death-draught remained as clear and limpid as before.

"To-morrow!" murmured the wretched young man, as he watched the retiring form of the grey-haired attendant when she finally left the room; and then he once more buried his face in his hands, and fell into a state of torpor.

"To-morrow!" he repeated, as he at length rose, staggeringly, to seek his chamber. "Mina, beloved Mina, I have bought you at a fearful price!"

CHAPTER III.

The voice of lamentation was loud upon the morrow in that ancient house. The Countess Stephanie had ceased to exist. The aged nurse had drawn back the curtains of the window, that her mistress might, as usual, be awakened by the cheerful sunlight; but she was no longer conscious of its beams. She lay upon her bed, pale, placid, and unchanged, like one who had passed from the calm slumber of repose to the deep sleep of death. One hand pillowed her cheek, and the other still clasped her rosary. Death had touched her lovingly, for there was almost a smile upon her lips; and the hard lines which the world traces upon the countenance had disappeared beneath his gentle pressure.

The count stood gloomily beside her bed, awaiting the arrival of the physician who had been summoned. He trembled violently, but he was surrounded by the voice of wailing and the sight of tears; he had lost his only sister, his last relative. How, then, could he have remained unmoved? The physician came; he felt the small and rounded wrists, but there was no pulsation; he bared the white and beautiful arm to the shoulder, and applied the lancet, but the blood had ceased to circulate in the blue veins. The man of science shook his head, and extended his hand in sympathy to the anxious brother. The catastro-

phe, he said, was subject of regret to him rather than of surprise. The young gräfine had long suffered from an affection of the heart. A little sooner or a little later the blow must have fallen. It was a mere question of time. All human aid was useless. And so he departed from the house of mourning.

The few individuals of Nienburg and its immediate neighborhood who were privileged to intrude at such a moment, crowded to the mansion to offer their condolences to the young graf, and to talk over the sudden and melancholy death of his sister; and meanwhile, Elric, unable to rest for an instant in the same place, wandered through the desolate apartments, tearless and silent, occasionally lifting the different articles which had belonged to Stephanie in his trembling hands, and looking intently upon them, as though he dreaded to behold the characters of his crime traced upon their surface.

The German ceremonial of interment is complicated and minute, and all persons of high birth are expected to conform to it in every particular. Among the rites which precede burial is one which, trying as it cannot fail to prove to the principal actor, must, nevertheless, greatly tend to tranquillize the minds of the survivors. It is necessary that we should describe this.

For four-and-twenty hours the corpse remains beneath the roof where the death has taken place, and while there all the affecting offices necessary to its final burial are performed. This time elapsed, it is carried to the cemetery, and laid, in its winding-sheet, upon a bed in the inner apartment of the low stone building to which, in our description of the death-valley of Nienburg, we have already made allusion. This solitary erection consists only of two rooms; that in which the body is deposited is called the Hall of Resurrection, and contains no other furniture than the bed itself and a bell-rope, the end of which is placed in the hand of the corpse. This cord is attached to a bell which rings in the next room, and which is thence called the Chamber of the Bell. Thus should it occur that the friends of an individual may have been deceived, and have mistaken lethargy for death, and that the patient should awake during the night, (for the body must remain all night in this gloomy refuge,) the slightest movement which he may make necessarily rings the bell, and he obtains instant help. It is customary for the nearest relative to keep this dreary watch: and from a beautiful sentiment, which must always tend to reconcile the watcher to his ghostly task, he is fated to watch there alone, that it may be he who calls back the ebbing life, and that none may share in a joy so holy and so deep—a joy, moreover, so rare and so unhopd for!

The long day, and the still longer night in which the Countess Stephanie lay dead beneath the roof she had so revered throughout her life, passed over; and all the pompous accessories which could be commanded in so obscure a neighborhood were secured to do honor to her obsequies. The mournful train moved slowly onward to the cemetery, where a grave had already been prepared for her beside her mother; and, passing near the spot where she was finally to rest, entered the Hall of Resurrection, and gently and carefully stretched her upon the bed of gloom. The wild-est of the mourners was the poor old nurse, who, with her grey hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dim eyes swollen with tears, knelt near

the head of her mistress, and clasped her clay-cold hands. But it was the young count who was the centre of commiseration. The last four-and-twenty hours had done the work of years upon him; a sullen, leaden tinge had spread over his skin, his voice was deep and hollow, and his trembling hands could scarcely perform their offices. "No wonder!" ejaculated those who looked upon him; "for years they had been everything to each other."

At length the funeral train departed, for the sun was setting. Elric listened in horror to their retreating footsteps, for he felt that he was soon to be alone. Alone with what? With the dead, stretched there by his own hand—With his murdered sister! This was his companionship within; and without, graves, nothing but graves, sheeted corpses, and the yawning tomb which was awaiting his victim. The sweat rolled in large drops down the forehead of the young man. He had watched near the body of his mother in peace and prayer, for she had been taken from him, and he was innocent then and full of hope; but now—now! He tottered to the window and looked out. The twilight was thickening, and the light came pale through the narrow leaded panes of the little casement. He glanced around the sepulchral chamber in which he was to pass the night. There was a small fire burning upon the open hearth at which he lighted his lamp, and a prayer-book lying upon the table, on which he vainly endeavored to concentrate his thoughts. At that moment he was beyond the reach of prayer! The strong man was bowed, body and spirit, beneath the pressure of his crime! Again and again he asked himself, with a pertinacity that bordered on delirium, what it was over which he watched! And again and again the question was answered in his own heart. Over his sister, his only surviving relative, murdered by his own hand. The murderer was watching beside his victim!

At intervals he strove against the horror by which he was oppressed; he endeavored to rally the pride of his sex and of his strength. What could he fear? The dead are powerless over the living; and yet, fiercer and sharper came the memory that his crime had been gratuitous, for had he not been told that the death which he had given must ere long have come? "A little sooner, or a little later," had said the man of science. Oh, had he only waited, promised, temporized; but all was now too late! She lay there cold, pale, stark, within a few paces of him, and tears of blood could not recall the dead!

It was the close of autumn, and as the sun set masses of lurid and sulphureous clouds gathered upon the western horizon, but save an occasional sweep of wind which moaned through the funeral trees, all remained still, buried in that ringing silence which may be heard; and the moon, as yet untouched by the rising vapors, gleamed on the narrow window of the cell, and cast upon the floor the quivering shadows of the trees beside it. But at length came midnight, the moon was veiled in clouds, and a sweeping wind rushed through the long grass upon the graves, and swayed to and fro the tall branches of the yews and cypresses; next came the sound of falling rain—large, heavy drops which plashed upon the foliage, and then fell with a sullen reverberation upon the dry and thirsty earth. Gradually the storm increased; and ere long, as the thunder began to growl hoarsely in the distance, it beat angrily against the diamond

panes, and dropped in a shower from the eaves of the little building. Elric breathed more freely. This elemental warfare was more congenial to his troubled spirit than the fearful silence by which it had been preceded. He tried to think of Mina; but as though her pure and innocent image could not blend with the objects around him, he found it impossible to pursue a continuous chain of thought. Once more he bent over the book before him, but as he turned the page a sudden light filled the narrow chamber, and through the sheeted glare sprang a fierce flash, which for a moment seemed to destroy his power of vision. He rose hurriedly from his chair; the thunder appeared to be bursting over his head, the lightning danced like fiery demons across the floor, the wind howled and roared in the wide chimney; and suddenly, as he stood there, aghast and conscience-stricken, a sharp blast penetrating through some aperture in the walls, extinguished his solitary lamp. At this instant the bell rang.

"The Bell!" shouted the young count, like a maniac—"THE BELL!" And then, gaining strength from his excess of horror, he laughed as wildly as he had spoken. "Fool that I am! Is not such a wind as this enough to shake the very edifice from its foundation? and am I scared because it has vibrated along a wire? Has not the same blast put out my lamp? All is still again. My own thoughts have made a coward of me!"

As he uttered these words, another and a brighter flash shot through the casement and ran along the wire, and again the bell rang out; but his eye had been upon it, and he could no longer cheat himself into the belief that he had endeavored to create. The fiery vapor had disappeared, but still louder and louder rang the bell, as though pulled by a hand of agony.

Elric sank helpless to his knees. At every successive flash he saw the violent motion of the bell which hung above him, and as the darkness again gathered about the cell, he still heard the maddening peal, which seemed to split his brain. "Light! light!" he moaned at last, as he rose painfully from the floor. "I must have light, or I shall become a raving maniac."

And then he strove to reillumine the lamp; but his shaking hand ill obeyed the impulse of his frenzied will. And still, without the intermission of a second, the bell rang on. At length he obtained a light, and staggering to the wall, he fixed his eyes upon the frightful wire.

"It stretches," he muttered, unconsciously; "still it stretches, and there is no wind now; there is a lull. Some one must be pulling it from the other chamber, and if so, it must be—"

His voice became extinct; he could not utter the name of his sister.

With a frantic gesture he seized the lamp and turned towards the door which opened into the death-chamber, and still the bell rang on, without the cessation of an instant. A short passage part-

ed the two cells, and as he staggered onwards he was compelled to cling to the wall, for his knees knocked together, and he could scarcely support himself. At length he reached the inner door, and desperately flung it open. A chill like that which escapes from a vault fell upon his brow, and the sound of the bell pursued him still. He moved a pace forward, retreated, again advanced, and, finally, by a mighty effort, sprang into the centre of the chamber. One shrill and piercing cry escaped him, and the lamp fell from his hand.

"You are then here?" murmured a low and feeble voice. "You, Elric von Königstein, the renegade from honor, the sorricide, the would-be murderer! Yours is the affection which watches over my last hours on earth? The same hand which mixed the deadly draught is ready to lay me in the grave?"

As the words fell upon his ear, a vivid flash filled the room, and the count saw his sister sitting upright wrapped in her death-clothes. A deep groan escaped him.

"That draught was scarcely swallowed," pursued the voice, "ere I detected that it had been tampered with; but it was then too late to save myself, and, for the honor of our name, I shrank from denouncing you, though I felt at once that you were the murderer. But you were coward as well as sorricide. You have subjected me to all the agonies of death, and have not merely condemned me to an after-life of suffering, but of suffering to us both, for I shall live on under the knowledge of the fate to which you destined me, and you beneath my irrevocable curse.

The last few sentences were uttered feebly and gaspingly, as though the strength of the speaker were spent, and then a heavy fall upon the bed betrayed to the horror-stricken Elric that some fresh catastrophe had occurred.

With the energy of despair he rushed from the room, and hastened to procure a light. A frightful spectacle met him on his return. Stephanie lay across the bed, with a portion of her funeral-dress displaced. The arm with which she had rung the fatal bell was that from which her medical attendant had striven to procure blood during her insensibility, and which, in preparing her for the grave, had been unbound. The violent exertion to which it had been subjected, added to the power of the poison that still lurked in her veins, had opened the wound, and ere the young count returned with the lamp she was indeed a corpse, with her white burial-garments dabbled in blood. The scene told its own tale on the morrow. She had partially awakened, and the result was evident. None knew, save he who watched beside her, that the fatal bell had rung!

The curse worked. Madness seized upon the wretched Elric, and for years he was a raving lunatic, who might at any moment be lashed into frenzy by the mere ringing of a bell.

HERALD.—An officer by whom, in the middle ages, "messages and parcels were carefully delivered." It was also his duty to lay out the lists for tournaments, which comprised, no doubt, the careful beating of carpets, while his presence as an attendant at the banquets which followed made him a regular waiter at evening parties. The modern Herald has very little to do, and is only a superior kind of beef-eater.—*Punch*.

HABEAS CORPUS.—One of the great bulwarks of the British Constitution, and a supplement to Magna Charta. The use of the bulwark is that any man in custody may, by virtue of the writ, know what he is in custody for; a piece of knowledge that can only be required by a gentleman so inundated with executions that he scarcely knows one from the other, and is desirous of being informed at whose suit he has been pounced upon.—*Punch*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ELEPHANT-SHOOTING IN CEYLON.

SIR,—As it may not be altogether uninteresting to “gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,” to read a little of the field-sports of the land we live in, I am instructed to acquaint you that here, in Ceylon, we flatter ourselves that, amongst many other good things, we are indulged with the very best elephant-shooting in the world; and that we hold it meet, with your good leave, (since none of our better qualified predecessors have done so,) to place on record a few observations upon the sport, illustrating the general remarks we make by a diary of one of the very best of our excursions.

Excepting for some miles inland from the line of coast between Chilaw and Tangalle, and in the immediate neighborhood of very thickly-inhabited localities, elephants are to be met with in every part of Ceylon. Not always, certainly, in the same numbers at the same places, but you will never go far without hearing of them; and there are extensive tracts of country in which they abound at almost all seasons. They are met with singly, more commonly in herds of from three to twelve or twenty, and sometimes in more numerous herds, which are spoken of as amounting even to hundreds; and they are found indifferently on all descriptions of ground—on the hills and plains—in the open country, and equally in forest or in bush jungle.

The average height of the full-grown Ceylon elephant is upwards of eight feet. Their sight is very defective, but their hearing seems good, and their sense of smell particularly acute. It is always advisable to get to leeward of them if possible; and directly you hear or approach them, even on the stillest days, you will see the natives crumbling the gossamer grass and dropping it from their raised hands, or adopting other modes of ascertaining if there be any movement in the air. They vary exceedingly in courage, from the beast which will run from any alarm, to the one which will resolutely advance on the fire of a whole party. But they are very much more commonly timid than courageous: of course, when wounded, many of them become savage, and as troublesome as they can make themselves, though it is remarked that they are inconceivably stupid in dealing with unfortunate gentlemen, and, so far as our Ceylon records go, it is certain that (though a mere stamp of the foot would be death) at least three fourths of those who fall into the clutches of an elephant escape with a mauling. The last gentlemen sportsmen killed by elephants in this island were Mr. Walleit and (*longo intervallo*) Major Haddick, while Messrs. M'Kenzie, Holyoake, George, Gallwey, and Major Rogers have been severely wounded by them, luckily escaping with more or less damage. Of course, a very great number of men are saved from accidents by their brother sportsmen. Elephants are generally bolder on open ground than in cover, but, if bold, far more dangerous in cover than in open ground. In the first instance they see their antagonist, and he looks no great things compared to themselves. Sometimes, in open ground, they appear to hesitate as you are coming up, and then turn when you are within twenty paces; but very often, if you are not followed by a *possee* that frightens them, they stand or huddle together, and when you are very close, one or two of them come on to meet you. In cover they most commonly hear you coming up,

and at the sound, or when they see the cover stir, they go off; or if you contrive to come up very well in very thick jungle, after seeing their legs at four or five yards from you, you may, by creeping on another pace, catch their small eyes peering down to make you out; but before your gun is up to your shoulder they will be off, with a crash that seems to be levelling everything around you. There are, however, exceptions to these rules; and they furnish most of the critical predicaments in which elephant-shots have been placed, as may be readily conceived when it is remembered how close you must be to fire, and that the jungle which hems you, and with its thorns hooks you, in all round, is trampled down like stubble by the elephant that rushes on you. It is, in truth, a very uncertain sport as regards danger; but in open ground, if all fails, you have free and fair use of your legs, and a man in elephant-shooting may calculate on having sometimes to run, for reasons quite as satisfactory to his *amour propre* as Bardsolph's at Gad's or Claverhouse's at Loudon Hill. The most favorable ground for shooting is very open jungle, where you can approach without being heard or seen, and make way through it in the event of a retreat. Opinions differ widely as to the *pace* of the elephant; but I find all men who have been chased unanimously agree that they run fast, and that he does cleverly who gets away from them.

The practice in Ceylon is to fire invariably at the head, the favorite shots being above the trunk, at the temples, the hollow over the eye, and the hollow at the back of the ear; in all cases bearing in mind the size and position of the brain, and levelling so as to go directly to it through these weaker parts of the skull. In the opinion of the first shot in Ceylon, fifteen paces is decidedly the best distance to fire. It gives time for a second shot; whereas, when you let an elephant come quite close, if the first shot does not drop him, and he rushes on, the second will be a very hurried and most likely ineffectual one, and if not effective, the retreat will commence with the disadvantage of a very short start. It is, however, certain that, what with the closeness of cover and the desire in open ground to be sure of your bird, most first shots are fired at about ten paces, and occasionally closer. Men don't like to hear their friends say, “It's a pity you did n't go a little nearer before you fired.” A shot that goes true to the brain drops an elephant off the gun; but nothing is more common than to see them take a dozen shots and go away, and they have been known to take many more, and afterwards fairly to defeat the party opposed to them. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the *most* deadly shot. I think the temple the most certain; but authority in Ceylon says the fronter. It is the prettiest shot, no doubt, but I have seen it very often fail. Behind the ear, they say, is deadly; but I never fired it, or saw it fired, that I remember. If the ball go critically true to its mark, all shots are certain; but the bones on either side of the honeycomb passages to the brain are so thick that there is in all a glorious uncertainty, which keeps a man on the *qui vive* till he sees his elephant down, and even that does not insure results. Elephants, after being left for dead, and their tails cut off, are often seen up again, and like “the Old Original Coach and Horses new revived” on the Harrow Road, flourishing in active business.

There are not many elephant-shots who have not been foolish enough in their day to go up to an

elephant with a single and only barrel; but this is generally before they have seen a scrape. I should say a man was *perfectly* gunned for elephant-shooting with three doubles, carrying balls fourteen or sixteen to the pound, with the same bore, nipple, &c. The ball, one third pewter, should go down with moderate pressure over a charge and a half of powder, and the caps ought to fit exactly. I have been *minus* three caps out of four barrels when before a herd. Many elephant-shots affect heavy guns. I think them utter nuisances: their weight fags you and heats you, and at times you find yourself before an elephant with scarce power to lift them. I remember once coming hurriedly on an elephant with nothing but a single bush between us, and firing a shot from my heavy Nock, which, instead of the temple, struck the ear of the animal, when she turned slap on me, and I literally was not able to get the infernal patteraro up to my shoulder a second time before she almost had hold of it. I fired as I was raising it, and of course did her no harm. I had to bolt. In ten seconds I was down—her trunk twiddling about my legs, and, but for a friend who came up at the moment, and floored her as she was on her knees paying every possible attention to me, I should most probably have been expended. I have since found myself more than half dead after a pursuit, in which I had carried a heavy gun; and as light ones do their work, I know no advantage the heavier have, unless it be that they may possibly stun or stupefy, or, perhaps, now and then, kill a very big elephant, when the light ones would not. But this is a bare and rare possibility; while the inconvenience and nuisance of carrying the heavies is incontestable and never-ceasing. Although a single elephant will often take all that you can give him, the battery I recommend is chiefly desirable in dealing with a herd, both as regards the number you may kill, and the chance of fresh elephants coming on you after you have discharged three or four barrels, especially as these latter are usually ill-disposed and resolute. The two steady fellows who carry your spare guns must be instructed to keep *very* close, and by no means to allow their zeal to bring themselves into action.

By taking a good map of Ceylon—(I can fancy you paraphrasing Mr. Pottinger's exclamation of "Ten brave men! but where are they to be found!")—well, then, by taking the best you can get, and drawing a line from Pangregam or Bintenné at the great bend of the Mahavilla Ganga, (where it changes its east and west course to north and south,) direct eastward to the coast, you will pass over the ground on which our party met. It is a part of what is called the Veddah-ratè, or Veddah's country, of the province of Wellassy. There are a few small villages where it borders on the cultivated parts of Bintenné, Oova, and Wellassy, but with these exceptions it is uninhabited, save by the Veddahs who hunt over it. To make amends, however, for this want of society, elephants are almost always numerous there, deer innumerable, and hogs, buffaloes, bears, cheetas, partridge, pea-fowl, and snipe, in very reasonable abundance. For an extent of, perhaps, 200 square miles, this country is neither more nor less in appearance than what it is called—"the Park," or, more properly, "Rogers' Park," from the unrivalled sportsman who first discovered its capabilities.* It contains many large isolated hills of

rock and forest, but the lower ground consists of long undulations perfectly open, or dotted with single trees and clumps, with stripes of forest (chiefly in the hollows where the waters run) which here and there spread over the neighboring ground to some extent. In fact, great part of it resembles the Sherwood of *Ivanhoe*, consisting of "woods through which there are many open glades and some paths, but such as seem only formed by the numerous herds of cattle which graze in the forest, or by the animals of chase and the hunters that make prey of them;" while the more open parts recalled to our minds the descriptions we had read of the American prairies. In much of the forest there is no undergrowth; in other parts a good deal. The Patupalar river, and one or two of its feeders, intersect the country rather inconveniently; so much so, indeed, that a gentleman who preceded us prophesied that our sport on this occasion would amount to little more than taking off our clothes to cross one river, and putting them on again to go decently to the next. About two and a half miles from the last inhabited spot, called Dimbledenny, is the bungalow—prettily situated, with a fine lawn bordered by noble trees in its front—where our head-quarters were to be established. Two very precipitous and striking rocks, of about 300 feet height, called "Rogers' Pillars," rise behind the building, and served as admirable landmarks.

Our ride from Kandy was a great treat, especially the descent of the Diabobole pass, which leads down to a tract of country of notoriously bad character, and which, at a turn of the road about a mile beyond Gonagamma, presents the traveller with a most striking and impressive view. The river, whose modulated roar has been previously heard, is seen by breaks for many miles, foaming and struggling along its rocky and descending bed to the left, covered till late in the day by wreaths of mist through which are seen its banks, torn bare to the primitive rock, high above the usual water-mark. From these the precipices rise abruptly full 2000 feet, and close the view on that side. To the right the forest hills ascend somewhat more gradually, but yet wild and broken, while on in front lies the Mahavilla valley between them—still, dank, and noisome-looking, shut in from the wholesome and purifying breeze, and open with all its spread of vegetation, swamp, and water, to the fiery sun. Not a hut, or a curl of smoke, or the sign of anything betokening the presence of man, is seen along the line; while a few abandoned clearings at the foot of the pass show where he has vainly endeavored permanently to invade the confines of this deadly valley, and either died or fled. If you could imagine a Kandian priest of fifty feet in height, with a voice of twenty trumpet power, the pass itself is precisely a scene in which, with a fitting regard to the picturesque and the probable, he might fire away his poetry and prophecy to great advantage on an English detachment winding down the mountain, after the approved fashion of Gray's celebrated bard. A very different landscape is presented by the path which leads from Pangregam to Bibile, passing through a noble forest, the openings of which give views of the Hewaillia range of mountains on the right. The exquisite and varied greens which clothed their sides were, as we all declared, superior to anything we had ever witnessed, and what with them and the waterfalls, the pretty cottages, and wihares or temples, in their sheltered nooks, with

* This noble and estimable fellow was, last year, struck down and killed by lightning in Ceylon.

graceful bamboos and cocoa-nuts around them—the classic spots of several skirmishes in the Kandian rebellion, where those we knew had done the state some service—the charming plain of Veeragama, and the pea-fowl, with their splendid plumage, bearding us as if they knew we had no guns, our last day's ride was enlivened by almost a continued file-fire of exclamations of delight. It was near dusk in the evening when we reached the edge of the park, and our guide, after leading us a couple of miles into it, suddenly stopped, declaring himself at fault, and, after much expostulation, all that we could extract from him, by fixing him on a knoll and desiring him to consider well the scarce perceptible outline of the several hills within our view, was that he had brought us in a direction directly opposite to that of our destination. We accordingly doubled back, and night set in. We had wandered about an hour in the dark, when, on passing the ridge of a small hill, we heard the long, low, roll of a herd of elephants, and a sharp "prut" or two, and looking in the direction of the sounds, saw a thick black mass at some distance on our right. It was evidently a large herd, and I have already mentioned that we had no guns. As we crossed near to them the growling became much louder, accompanied by a sort of banging noise, like a cooper hammering a cask, which, with two or three peculiarly angry trumpets, so scared our people that they quite forgot themselves, and scudded in all directions. With a deal of difficulty we collected them by shouting, except two, whom our eloquent execrations could not seduce out of the trees, up which they had fled, and where they chose to pass the night, so that we pushed on without them, and were very shortly brought up by a chasm, of which we could not see the bottom, but where we could hear the water flowing fast, and which we were told was impassable. Here we struck a light from a tinder-box, and were striving to set fire to bits of wood to enable us to examine our difficulties, when a native, attracted by our shouting, came from the other side, and told us he had left the bungalow that afternoon, and that though we could cross the river below us, the next one we should come to was a more doubtful matter. We forded the first stream easily enough, for it was not breast high, and, after passing half a mile of plain, we came to the second river, and were surprised to see lots of people and lights, and doubly so to hear a well-known voice or two shouting and laughing at their loudest. They were our friends, who had been similarly benighted and beset with elephants, and together we made as merry a crossing of a rattling stream of 100 yards in width, and of rather critical depth, as heart could desire. Our numerous chools or flambeaux, gleaming in and along the water, flashing on either bank and lighting up the lofty trees; our horses floundering and sometimes swimming; the people—Kandians and Malays—with loose dishevelled hair, struggling with the stream, and screaming to us and to each other; and the red, rapid current rushing along on all sides of us, with the final scramble up the bank, and the purl of one or two horses back again into the river, were all capital in their way. A short walk brought us to the bungalow, where dry clothes and a good dinner fitted us to listen to each other's recitals. Our friends had been luckily in with some elephants during the daylight, and had altogether bagged seven—one of them a small tusker. The following circumstance which oc-

curred to R—, the first shot of Ceylon, may illustrate what I have said of the uncertainty of the front shot. They were beating an elephant out of some thick cover at Bibilè, and R— was standing on a narrow path leading through it, when the elephant put his head out of the jungle within six paces of him. He fired a frontier. The elephant came on: he fired a second at four paces. Slap! the elephant was upon him, and chased him, at the top of his speed, down sixty yards of the path. It is not every man who would have told that tale, for the pace of gentlemen differs, perhaps, more than that of elephants, and few could run with R—. In talking over these matters and anticipating our next day's sport, we got but too rapidly through the night of our arrival at the Park.

31st December.—Soon after day-light, the *ré veil* of R—'s voice was heard, but, what with the unpackings and squibbings inevitable on a first morning, it was near eight o'clock before we had assembled, each man followed by his three or four gun-carriers and tail-cutters. In addition to these, we were accompanied by the *Ratè-ralè*, or native chief of the district, a most respectable-looking old headman in his native costume, but who now figured in a pair of bright plaid tights and a blue jacket, and really looked very like some anomalous animal peculiar to this unfrequented region. His followers consisted of ten or fifteen people acquainted with the country, as elephant-trackers and beaters. Two or three of these were very intelligent young fellows, who seldom walked away, reducing their toggery to its smallest compass for a *reconnaissance*, without returning to lead us up to elephants, and six or seven of the others were *Veddahs*—the wild men of Ceylon. They were sad, skinny, miserable, downcast-looking fellows, of very low stature, with the exception of one tall lathy young man, the wild and distrustful expression of whose eye, caught through his long locks, was far more that of a wild animal than of a human being. A very few inches of rag constituted the whole of their drapery! their hair, in long matted stripes, fell in front to the same length as behind, covering eyes, mouth and chin. Their arms were a small hatchet, stuck in their girdle-string, and a bow of above six feet in height, with two long-bladed arrows; and they moved along in single file, looking as sad and keeping as silent as if to laugh or to speak were equally against their practice. It is right to explain here, that of our party of five, the one, M—, was a young civilian, whose defect of sight put shooting out of the question; and the other having recently, or scarcely, recovered from a severe illness, was by no means qualified for the active duties of this service, except on the modern coöperative and movement principle of "Go it, you cripples!" The less you have that bags in your personal equipment for elephant-shooting the better; for though you are very likely (wear what you will) to come back in rags and tatters, you have more chance of being presentable by wearing close clothing. The color of your dress should be dark. Our outer garments were uniformly of blue nankeen; and a hunting-cap is the only orthodox head-covering. We started this morning, knowing there were elephants in our path; and in about half an hour after we had forded the river we were told that we were near them. We accordingly dismounted, and, passing over some rocky ground, came on four, standing under trees in a hollow about 100 yards off, flapping their ears and

browsing. We stepped out; it soon became a run, and the elephants, seeing our numbers, turned up the opposite ascent, but before they had mounted twenty paces of it all four were down. We reloaded and strolled along some distance up the low ridge, enjoying the cool morning breeze, and starting a noble herd of deer in our way, while our *éclaireurs* were out in front, and in about an hour one of them returned and showed three other elephants at some distance below us. We doubled round a little for the advantage of cover and to get to leeward of them, but on reaching the spot found they were off. We started on their track and followed at a good pace—I dare say, over a couple of miles of all sorts of ground, and at last were at fault in some mixed cover, when, as we were discussing what was best to be done, the three elephants broke out of the jungle, about thirty yards behind us, and three of us met them. One beast more forward than the others, took our balls—all fronters; when a second dashed forward from behind, with a shrill trumpet and raised trunk, like a knight shouting his war-cries and “to the rescue;” and it was a chevy among the unloaded for a second or two. But the rest came up, and one of the elephants was floored—the other two escaping. These operations had brought us to eleven o’clock, and we adjourned to breakfast, where a sylvan table of stakes, covered with fern, and seats to match, had been put up by our followers, under some shady trees. A hearty breakfast was rapidly despatched, and we were luxuriously discussing our cigars when news of a herd put us again in motion. They were in cover, and, as it appeared, on the move, so that it was some time before we came upon them. When we did, it became again a race. They were, however, not to be headed on this ground, but as they were squeezed and impeded by some closer jungle, we closed upon the mob of ungainly monsters, and the jeering cries of “Dah, dah!—eh, eh!” from our followers, provoked one to turn, and he dropped before he was well round. The next one that turned, turned for action, and took one ball that checked, and a second that floored him. They then broke and separated, some crashing one way, some another; and after four more were killed, we were at a stand-still. After having talked for a quarter of an hour, we were told that there were some of them still quite close to us, when we divided, as it was uncertain where they would break. S— and G— had scarcely taken their station when two elephants dashed out of the jungle at them most gallantly, and dropped together, very close to their antagonists. Only two of this herd escaped. We retraced the scene of action, giving each poor beast the praise he had merited, and had progressed some half mile beyond it, and taken a halting position under some fine trees to blow a cloud and wait on Providence, when a herd was reported to be browsing just on the hill-side above us. This herd was ten in number, of which one escaped. I have seldom seen anything prettier of its kind than our approach upon these animals. They were scattered along the top of a rising sweep of long grass, under fine single trees; each huge brute, according to his own sweet will, eating or whistling himself with the grass, or flapping his ears, and ruminating on matters “dreamt of in his philosophy,” when a “prut” from one told that we were seen. At first the elephants only looked at us as they stood, but as we came nearer, one or

two of them walked forward, and the rest huddled together. We then ran at them, and they turned for the cover some fifty yards away. Our party divided—two after them, three to flank and meet them; for the cover was a mere strip of trees along a broken water-chasm. As the following party closed on them, at the edge of the cover, one turned handsomely, and S— floored him. All passed on, elephants and men, to where the flanking party met them. There four or five were tumbled one over the other into the ditch, and their roaring was tremendous. R— pursued the rest, and while the others were loading a single one came steadily down the track the pursuers had just come, and was dropped by G—, certainly within two yards of the muzzle of his fowling-piece. R— accounted for those he followed. While we were down below, and the Ratè-ratè was coming to join us, the elephant first floored rose up and charged him furiously, but the old gentleman escaped through the trees, and so did the elephant. It was now evening, and with their twenty-two tails, (for the brush of the elephant, like that of the fox, is the trophy of his conqueror,) our party rode home, and after fording the river drank that first glass of Madeira—that first glass!—

“To such as know thee not, my words were weak;

To those who’ve gulped thee down, what language could they speak!”

I solemnly declare that no mortal man but he who drinks it after a whole day’s fag within the tropics can know the goods the gods provide us in “London particular”—the best kind of Madeira—that has twice passed the line. After that came dressing and dinner, and talk for an hour or two, and then a sleep, as if Morpheus had borrowed “Night’s leaden sceptre” to knock one senseless the moment we set foot in his dominions. I ought to have mentioned that it was our practice to pay down at once half-a-crown to any one who showed us elephants, and seven-and-sixpence to any one who took us up to a full-grown tusker.

1st January.—This morning was passed in deer-shooting, which, from the necessity of keeping your people fed and in good-humor, is one of the most important and provoking duties of those who come to shoot elephants in the Veddah-ratè. The mode pursued in this sport was to post us at seventy or a hundred yards apart, each to stand motionless in front of a tree, in some open glade bordered by a stripe of forest, while the few Veddahs would beat, *i. e.* walk through the cover, merely tapping a tree with their hatchets, or occasionally giving a cry, so as to startle the deer out towards us. The sportsman would either get a running shot, or if, as was very commonly the case, the deer stood to listen or stopped to gaze at his unusual appearance, a standing one. It was very pretty, no doubt; the slightly wooded glades were like those of home. The morning climate was almost English; and when the antlered deer came breaking out, for a time it was very interesting; but we soon voted that we didn’t like it. The waiting was tiresome, and a deer going along at speed is not very easily hit; but it was indispensable, and we were at it till breakfast-time, and succeeded in getting three deer. After breakfast we were soon put upon the track of some elephants, and were passing quietly and silently onward when a shot from behind brought us back

to where R— (who was bringing up the rear of the party) had killed an elephant, which the rest of us had passed. We immediately dispersed for the herd, and R— came upon the only one we found, (a young tusker,) and flogged him. Whether there was a herd here or not there is no saying, for, if they try to do so, they can steal away as gently and silently as the smallest animals. We had now news of two small herds, and were soon mounted and in the direction of one of them, when a most flattering report of the numbers of a herd about three miles off, made us change our route. We had reached the ground, dismounted, and were standing in an open space within the edge of the cover, waiting for certain intelligence, when unexpectedly four elephants came up from behind us. As we ran to meet them they turned, and three were killed; the other escaped. While we were reloading news of the herd up above in the jungle and pretty heavy rain came on together: however, those loaded pushed on, and a lively fire commenced, which only ceased when the rain made it impossible to load, or to keep a loaded gun dry. Five had been killed. One of them, a very large beast, took an infinity of killing. I don't think I am beyond the mark when I say that fifteen or sixteen balls must have been fired into his head before one from G— dropped him. And he was not active, so as to put people off their shooting; but he was in a hollow, and the balls all went low, down towards his jaws, instead of up to his brain. Though this fellow stood so stiffly, the most dashing elephant in this field was a little monster of that age when elephants make very comical but rough playfellows. He charged, right and left, among the people, screaming and lashing about his trunk in the ridiculous way these little fellows do, while the Veddahs were firing their arrows at him, and those who dared running up and drawing them out again. It was a complete farce, after the tragedy that had been enacted. At last they fairly mobbed him, took off the tip of his tail as their trophy, and away he galloped, roaring as lustily as ever. While the rain was going on G— and M— had heard an elephant, which appeared to be a wounded one, in some thick cover—so thick, in fact, that though they could see the movement of the beast, they dared not go in with their wet guns. As soon as it ceased we fired off some of our pieces and reloaded, and, though it was near dusk, took post about a patch of jungle, while a few natives, with S— and G—, went in to work out some elephants that were said to be there. But they did not come out; they were found in cover so thick that what with it and the dusk they were scarcely distinguishable, till, letting the sportsmen come within a very few yards, they deliberately dashed at them. They were killed—two of them—and there's an end; but with unsteady shots, timid gun-carriers, snaps, flashes, or any of the accidents that affect true firing, these charges in such close cover involve the serious possibilities of elephant-shooting. G—, who is by no means given to be figurative, declared that the beast he came near, in the indistinct and motionless immensity of his form, and the headlong desperation of his rush, gave him more the idea of an infernal monster than any animal, biped or quadruped, with which his short experience of this world had hitherto brought him acquainted. It was late when we reached home, as well drenched as need be, to the enjoyment of our glass of Madeira, dinner, talk, and snooze.

2d January.—We commenced as before—deer-shooting; but our second beat was interrupted by intelligence that a herd of elephants were on the edge of the cover that the beaters had been in. We went round and came up to them very prettily, almost touching the rear ones before they stirred. The usual sneering cries turned two, who dropped, and the rest took the cover, in which three of them were floored. Those who have not seen it can scarcely believe how instantaneously a good shot drives life out of such masses of vitality. One that turned and charged at R—, was dropped by him, and literally died *as its knees bent*, and there it remained on its knees, with its head straight out, five or six yards from R—, as if it had been artificially set up in that position. A shout outside hurried three of us away, and as we emerged from the cover we saw G— following at about thirty yards, and “dahing” to the very top of his voice three elephants who were legging off at their fastest, in Indian style. We strove to cross in on them, all “dahing” in full chorus, but it was a very doubtful thing, till a most bitterly sarcastic “Dah!” from V—, such as no elephant of spirit could put up with, provoked the rear one to leave the line and dash straight at him, when with a single shot he dropped him like a master of the art. The pursuit continued, and altogether nine out of the ten composing this herd were killed. A very small one was caught, and tethered with jungle-rope or creepers, but the poor little fellow was so outrageous that he roared his life away, and was left dead within half a mile of the bungalow. We moved on to a spot on the Batticaloa path near Dimbledenny, where both breakfast and elephants were reported to be in waiting. The latter, of course, received our earliest attentions; and coming up to them in some fine high cover, with an opening to the left, the whole six, of which they consisted, were floored within fifty yards of the spot whereon we found them. After breakfast we proceeded with our sport; and coming on a herd of five in an open plain they bolted as we neared them, and two out of the number escaped, for the grass was literally higher than our heads. Another herd of five were afterwards encountered, and all killed, each as he turned, (four of them by R—, who had rather an awkward tumble near one of them), during a very rapid pursuit through cover. The perfect illustration of first-rate shooting exhibited in that chase by R— would have been a glorious treat to any one, except, perhaps, to his panting associate M—, who described him following the herd at score, and with an unerring tact, taking each beast as he turned enough to give his temple, or if that moment was lost, letting him come full round, and dropping each one in succession by a single shot, rising from his headlong tumble cool as ever, and only failing to have all the five because the last two turned together; and as Sir Boyle Roache judiciously observed, “a man can't be like a bird, in two places at once.” A somewhat similar occurrence took place with a previous party at the park. R—, accompanied by two others, ascended a rugged hill, on the top of which elephants were said to be. When near the top they rested to recover wind, to give every one a fair chance. They took a fresh departure. This pace quickened and lengthened as they approached the very top; each was at his best, R— heading them a little. The crest was all but gained by the second in the race, when he heard bang! bang! every nerve was strained; again bang! bang!

browsing. We stepped out; it soon became a run, and the elephants, seeing our numbers, turned up the opposite ascent, but before they had mounted twenty paces of it all four were down. We reloaded and strolled along some distance up the low ridge, enjoying the cool morning breeze, and starting a noble herd of deer in our way, while our *éclaireurs* were out in front, and in about an hour one of them returned and showed three other elephants at some distance below us. We doubled round a little for the advantage of cover and to get to leeward of them, but on reaching the spot found they were off. We started on their track and followed at a good pace—I dare say, over a couple of miles of all sorts of ground, and at last were at fault in some mixed cover, when, as we were discussing what was best to be done, the three elephants broke out of the jungle, about thirty yards behind us, and three of us met them. One beast more forward than the others, took our balls—all frontiers; when a second dashed forward from behind, with a shrill trumpet and raised trunk, like a knight shouting his war-cry and “to the rescue;” and it was a chevy among the unloaded for a second or two. But the rest came up, and one of the elephants was floored—the other two escaping. These operations had brought us to eleven o’clock, and we adjourned to breakfast, where a sylvan table of stakes, covered with fern, and seats to match, had been put up by our followers, under some shady trees. A hearty breakfast was rapidly despatched, and we were luxuriously discussing our cigars when news of a herd put us again in motion. They were in cover, and, as it appeared, on the move, so that it was some time before we came upon them. When we did, it became again a race. They were, however, not to be headed on this ground, but as they were squeezed and impeded by some closer jungle, we closed upon the mob of ungainly monsters, and the jeering cries of “Dah, dah!—eh, eh!” from our followers, provoked one to turn, and he dropped before he was well round. The next one that turned, turned for action, and took one ball that checked, and a second that floored him. They then broke and separated, some crashing one way, some another; and after four more were killed, we were at a stand-still. After having talked for a quarter of an hour, we were told that there were some of them still quite close to us, when we divided, as it was uncertain where they would break. S— and G— had scarcely taken their station when two elephants dashed out of the jungle at them most gallantly, and dropped together, very close to their antagonists. Only two of this herd escaped. We retraced the scene of action, giving each poor beast the praise he had merited, and had progressed some half mile beyond it, and taken a halting position under some fine trees to blow a cloud and wait on Providence, when a herd was reported to be browsing just on the hill-side above us. This herd was ten in number, of which one escaped. I have seldom seen anything prettier of its kind than our approach upon these animals. They were scattered along the top of a rising sweep of long grass, under fine single trees; each huge brute, according to his own sweet will, eating or whispering himself with the grass, or flapping his ears, and ruminating on matters “dreamt of in his philosophy,” when a “prut” from one told that we were seen. At first the elephants only looked at us as they stood, but as we came nearer, one or

two of them walked forward, and the rest huddled together. We then ran at them, and they turned for the cover some fifty yards away. Our party divided—two after them, three to flank and meet them; for the cover was a mere strip of trees along a broken water-chasm. As the following party closed on them, at the edge of the cover, one turned handsomely, and S— floored him. All passed on, elephants and men, to where the flanking party met them. There four or five were tumbled one over the other into the ditch, and their roaring was tremendous. R— pursued the rest, and while the others were loading a single one came steadily down the track the pursuers had just come, and was dropped by G—, certainly within two yards of the muzzle of his fowling-piece. R— accounted for those he followed. While we were down below, and the Ratè-ratè was coming to join us, the elephant first floored rose up and charged him furiously, but the old gentleman escaped through the trees, and so did the elephant. It was now evening, and with their twenty-two tails, (for the brush of the elephant, like that of the fox, is the trophy of his conqueror,) our party rode home, and after fording the river drank that first glass of Madeira—that first glass!—

“To such as know thee not, my words were weak;

To those who’ve gulped thee down, what language could they speak!”

I solemnly declare that no mortal man but he who drinks it after a whole day’s fag within the tropics can know the goods the gods provide us in “London particular”—the best kind of Madeira—that has twice passed the line. After *that* came dressing and dinner, and talk for an hour or two, and then a sleep, as if Morpheus had borrowed “Night’s laden sceptre” to knock one senseless the moment we set foot in his dominions. I ought to have mentioned that it was our practice to pay down at once half-a-crown to any one who showed us elephants, and seven-and-sixpence to any one who took us up to a full-grown tusker.

1st January.—This morning was passed in deer-shooting, which, from the necessity of keeping your people fed and in good-humor, is one of the most important and provoking duties of those who come to shoot elephants in the Veddah-ratè. The mode pursued in this sport was to post us at seventy or a hundred yards apart, each to stand motionless in front of a tree, in some open glade bordered by a stripe of forest, while the few Veddahs would beat, *i. e.* walk through the cover, merely tapping a tree with their hatchets, or occasionally giving a cry, so as to startle the deer out towards us. The sportsman would either get a running shot, or if, as was very commonly the case, the deer stood to listen or stopped to gaze at his unusual appearance, a standing one. It was very pretty, no doubt; the slightly wooded glades were like those of home. The morning climate was almost English; and when the antlered deer came breaking out, for a time it was very interesting; but we soon voted that we didn’t like it. The waiting was tiresome, and a deer going along at speed is not very easily hit; but it was indispensable, and we were at it till breakfast-time, and succeeded in getting three deer. After breakfast we were soon put upon the track of some elephants, and were passing quietly and silently onward when a shot from behind brought us back

to where R— (who was bringing up the rear of the party) had killed an elephant, which the rest of us had passed. We immediately dispersed for the herd, and R— came upon the only one we found, (a young tusker,) and floored him. Whether there was a herd here or not there is no saying, for, if they try to do so, they can steal away as gently and silently as the smallest animals. We had now news of two small herds, and were soon mounted and in the direction of one of them, when a most flattering report of the numbers of a herd about three miles off, made us change our route. We had reached the ground, dismounted, and were standing in an open space within the edge of the cover, waiting for certain intelligence, when unexpectedly four elephants came up from behind us. As we ran to meet them they turned, and three were killed; the other escaped. While we were reloading news of the herd up above in the jungle and pretty heavy rain came on together: however, those loaded pushed on, and a lively fire commenced, which only ceased when the rain made it impossible to load, or to keep a loaded gun dry. Five had been killed. One of them, a very large beast, took an infinity of killing. I don't think I am beyond the mark when I say that fifteen or sixteen balls must have been fired into his head before one from G— dropped him. And he was not active, so as to put people off their shooting; but he was in a hollow, and the balls all went low, down towards his jaws, instead of up to his brain. Though this fellow stood so stiffly, the most dashing elephant in this field was a little monster of that age when elephants make very comical but rough playfellows. He charged, right and left, among the people, screaming and lashing about his trunk in the ridiculous way these little fellows do, while the Veddahs were firing their arrows at him, and those who dared running up and drawing them out again. It was a complete farce, after the tragedy that had been enacted. At last they fairly mobbed him, took off the tip of his tail as their trophy, and away he galloped, roaring as lustily as ever. While the rain was going on G— and M— had heard an elephant, which appeared to be a wounded one, in some thick cover—so thick, in fact, that though they could see the movement of the beast, they dared not go in with their wet guns. As soon as it ceased we fired off some of our pieces and reloaded, and, though it was near dusk, took post about a patch of jungle, while a few natives, with S— and G—, went in to work out some elephants that were said to be there. But they did not come out; they were found in cover so thick that what with it and the dusk they were scarcely distinguishable, till, letting the sportsmen come within a very few yards, they deliberately dashed at them. They were killed—two of them—and there's an end; but with unsteady shots, timid gun-carriers, snaps, flashes, or any of the accidents that affect true firing, these charges in such close cover involve the serious possibilities of elephant-shooting. G—, who is by no means given to be figurative, declared that the beast he came near, in the indistinct and motionless immensity of his form, and the headlong desperation of his rush, gave him more the idea of an infernal monster than any animal, biped or quadruped, with which his short experience of this world had hitherto brought him acquainted. It was late when we reached home, as well drenched as need be, to the enjoyment of our glass of Madeira, dinner, talk, and snooze.

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burst upon their ears,—their very souls were thrown into their efforts; another second and they were on the plateau; but in that second a third double report was heard, and there stood R—, by the last of the herd of five elephants that had fallen to his six shots, discharged while they were clearing the few yards he had put between them. Heavy rain put an effectual stop to our proceedings at an early hour this afternoon, and drove us to the enjoyment of

“Home, sweet home,”

with its exhilarating accompaniments.

3d January—was a day of incessant rain, during which not a soul could stir out. The evening's entertainment was a Veddah dance. It is odd, that though man in a savage state seems generally an awfully grave fellow, yet he always dances. I never saw one of these Veddahs laugh; and they preserved their gravity as determinately as ever throughout their dancing, which was unquestionably as sombre a piece of hilarity as ever Terpsichore presided over. They jumped round and past each other with their feet together, and their arms and long hair lolling about, (I know no more descriptive phrase,) repeating in a sing-song tone a few words—an invocation to some devil of consideration in these parts, but without a smile, a cry, or a look of pleasure. After a long bout at this jumping, one screamed, when they all fell on their backs in a supposed sort of trance, and lay with their muscles and limbs quivering, till they were picked up and recommenced their dance, clapping their hands in addition to their previous performances. At another scream they all were tranced again, to be lifted up for the purpose of another very short dance, at the end of which they threw themselves at our feet. It was very sad stuff, but it was their best; so we sent to Kato-bowa for some clothes and handkerchiefs for them, and made inquiries respecting their mode of living, &c., by which we ascertained that they lived much apart from each other in rock-houses or caves, some being married; and that they fed principally on deer's flesh and honey. One gentleman, preëminent in ugliness and education, as he appeared to be almost capable of making himself understood by the Kandians, was pointed out as “the owner of many hills,” which seems to imply the existence of notions of a property in the land amongst them. We made them give us some bow practice on one or two occasions, but they shot badly, and I imagine they get very near their game before they aim at them.

4th January.—Our yesterday's idleness rendered it more than ever necessary that some deer should be shot, and this morning was given up entirely to this tantalizing duty. While we were at breakfast by a delicious stream, we heard the roaring of elephants not far off, and after it we started to find them. There were but two. V— had the luck to come on them, and floored them both—one being a small tusker. Our friend R—, who had been previously indisposed, was now so unwell that he was forced to return to the bungalow, and with his departure the zeal of our followers quite evaporated. After some useless endeavors to excite them, as we had shot deer enough, we determined to go home, have a good swim in the river, and vote this a *dies non*. We found we had committed a great mistake in not bringing dogs for the deer-hunting. R— had, on previous occasions, killed fourteen and fifteen in a morning. At certain

seasons all the grass is short, and the ground is most of it good, or if not, its difficulties can be seen; but this was not the case now, as one of our party found this day, his horse and he suddenly disappearing among the long prairie grass, down a cleft full ten feet deep, luckily without damage to either, though the horse had to be dug out.

5th January.—We waited till half-past twelve, with the intent to see R— and M— off for their stations. They were a sad loss to us, both of them, not less from the unrivalled shooting of the one and the companionable qualities of both, but that as we feared when they (being government agents in these districts) were gone, the people lost interest in our sport, and did not care to give us the cordial assistance they had done. These sad effects, however, were certainly not very perceptible on this day. We had not been out long when we came upon a herd of six or seven elephants, which stood for frontiers, and then broke. Two or three of them were down, and part of the party in pursuit of the rest, while S— and the others were loading. S— had done first, and on moving onward came on a herd in the middle of a fine, open ground, where they huddled together in a sort of rallying square and looked on, while their crack fellow came out accepting S—'s challenge as readily as though he had been a two-legged champion, and heard the heralds crying, “Bright eyes behold your deeds.” S—'s first barrel did not stop him, but the second dropped him on his knees, when he rose, and, feeling he had enough, was walking away; but, unluckily for him, he was met by V—, who tumbled and detained him. His friends were pursued and some killed. After a long and most fatiguing run we were standing for breath and news under some bushes, at about thirty yards from a knoll of clear ground, when bang, at a full trot, came six or seven elephants over the rise, right down to us. Several of the natives bolted, and we ran up to the elephants, who turned, and another chase commenced “over hill, over dale, through bush, through brier,” in which four were dropped. We had reassembled, discussed the affair, and were moving off, when, within twenty paces of where we had been talking, an elephant was seen standing moodily in the cover by S—, who turned towards him. He advanced also, and when dropped by S— he was found to be the identical champion of the herd already alluded to as floored by V—. Twelve were killed altogether during the proceedings detailed, which had taken some time and a deal of perspiration: the happy uninitiated can have a very faint notion of the condition into which a hard run in seven degrees north transfuses a man! News, however, of a fresh herd put life and mettle in our heels; and a noble herd they looked as we approached them. They saw us at some distance, but till we were chock upon them showed no signs of fight. When they did shuffle away in a mass the effectual “Dah” soon turned two or three of them, who were disposed of. The rest hurried on to a narrow strip of thickish jungle, entered by two paths about twenty yards apart, which met and joined about the same distance within the cover. The herd took the right-hand path, followed by S— and V—; the left path being taken by M—, to intercept them. At the junction of the paths the elephants were crushed and jumbled together, and after heavy firing, in which one elephant was killed, and all three of the party unloaded, the herd turned, trumpeted their

wildest blast, and charged bodily up the left path; the leader, a very fine elephant, acting the school-master abroad, and making a lash with his trunk at M— as he emerged from the cover, which he declared reminded him forcibly of the initiatory flourish of the revered Dr. J— S—, of learned and flagellatory memory. Of course it was a scud positive with almost all the natives; but luckily, right on went the elephants to where G— had been loading, and he had glorious sport. The death of the one that led the previous charge was beautiful. When G— advanced up to him he came on like a hero, checked a second on the first shot, and then on again as if he had but the one thought of damaging his adversary. The second ball dropped him dead. Eight of this herd were killed, two or three escaping. They were very fine, large elephants—their ears and faces being unusually mottled, which the natives consider a mark of caste; and certainly gentle blood was very evident in their gallant bearing. I saw one of them, literally bathed in gore from head-wounds, get up and move up against one of us, though he could scarcely stand or see. It is certainly a most exciting sight to see a good large elephant come on you close, whether he rushes with his head thrown back and the trunk curled underneath his mouth, as if he understood your game and determined to present no mortal mark; or in more picturesque but far more welcome guise, with his head lowered, his savage little eyes contracted by the angry compression of his brow, and his huge ears thrown forward so as to increase the apparent size of the broad, flat, bony front that comes to smash you: and if he only checks upon the first shot and still comes on, the whole coolness and collectedness of the man must be thrown into the second aim, on which so much depends. We were very proud of our twenty tails won in less than three hours, and R— not in the field. His name would account for anything in the way of elephant-shooting in Ceylon. We were home in good time, having arranged to move next morning eight miles further from "the busy haunts of men," towards Palitalawa, or the lower plain of the Veddah-ratè.

6th January.—Nothing occurred on our route but the encounter of a herd of five elephants. We had dismounted and gone some distance round to get to leeward of them, when they saw us coming up to the left of the direction they were taking, and in an instant turned, one and all, and came smack down upon us. A heavy fire occupied some seconds, and they lay all five in a heap, within the space of a moderate room. We breakfasted under the old trees at Dimbledenny, and met nothing between that and Palitalawa, which is much the same country as the Park, but rather more rocky. After examining the *locale* and our shelter, which consisted of a few talipot leaves overhead, and a tent-wall to windward, we went out with two or three men from the nearest village to perform that pressing and unwelcome duty of killing deer, which we effected to a reasonable extent; and also shot a hog, which, though forbidden food to men of decent caste, was carried away by our people notwithstanding. A reinforcement of Veddahs, amounting, with three of our former friends, to thirteen, had joined us here, and the new recruits were so much smarter, more compact men than the others, that we fancied this part of the country must be more healthy than that near the cultivated grounds. They were in fact as active, dapper-looking little fellows as could be

seen, and reconciled us considerably to free institutions, which from their results, as shown in the persons of our former skinny allies, had fallen very much below par in our estimation. Our accounts here were very discouraging. They said the elephants were all on the tops of the hills, on account of the heat, but we saw, evidently, from coming on the fresh trail of an elephant, that the people of this part of the Talawa did not much like the business, and our old friends were evidently getting tired of it, and anxious to be back to their homes.

7th January.—All went out after deer, and with very moderate success, but S— came on three elephants, and disposed of them all himself in a workmanlike manner, with very little noise. We were "at ease, reclined in rustic state," under our woodland shelter, allowing the hours of noon to glide on; one sportsman "hushed in grim repose, expecting his evening prey," and the others silently meditating as the curling smoke of their cigars melted into air ("Oh, la bonne chose qu'une cigarette! voilà ce dont un homme ne se lassera jamais,") when a gentleman of the neighborhood rushed into the encampment with a face of joy, the high polish of which Day and Martin might have envied, to claim his two half-crowns for the two separate elephants he promised to show us; and, Heaven bless the man! they were "quittoo," *i. e.* near—a very charming word to catch, as you are preparing to boot and saddle in the middle of the day. We sallied out and found there were two herds—one of five, the other of three. We went first to the most numerous herd, and were led up very well to them, standing in the open ground, had not a long narrow pool of water been between us: the noise of our splashing, and the spread of our people in rounding this, alarmed the elephants, and they started, but before they had reached a ridge forty yards off, we "dahed" them into a turn, and all five were floored—four lying one over the other. This seemed to give confidence to the Palitalawa gentry, one of whom exclaimed to his friends, "Did you see that?" We loaded and went down to the second herd, who were not more than two hundred yards off, in some thick but narrow jungle. Just as we reached them they broke, and we, in two parties, came up with them at a little opening of about twenty feet square, where the firing commenced. One gave a good deal of trouble; after being brought on his knees and turned by M—, he came boldly back into the *mêlée*, and was only repulsed by a couple of facers from M— and G—: but he was scarcely in the cover a second time, when out he came again, and G— being unloaded and almost touching him, bolted back, and fell over the trunk of an elephant that had been floored. A fresh gun was at this moment given to M—, who fired, and as he looked along the barrel, saw first a blue cap jerk, and open, and then the elephant fall. The cap was G—'s who, in recovering himself from his stumble, had brought it right on the line of sight: it was a wicker cap covered with blue cloth, and fitting close to the head like a hunting cap. At least four inches of it were opened. It was certainly an awfully close shave. No more elephants were to be heard of, so we devoted the evening to deer-shooting, which was put an end to by a very shocking accident. We were posted, and a large herd of deer as well as a hog having already been seen, we were anticipating sport, when suddenly the single taps and cries of the

Veddahs were interrupted by a wild and mournful howl, which spoke in unquestionable eloquence of some sad mischance. S— and M—, who were nearest to the cry, ran down, and to their horror found a Veddah, a smart young fellow, surrounded by his people, and sitting, his back against a tree, with his intestines in his lap. A wild buffalo, that he had passed almost without notice in the cover, had rushed on him from behind, knocked him down, and gored him as he fell, from the groin upwards. There never, I believe, in this world, or in all the fanciful exaggerations of poetic minds seeking to illustrate the dignity of our nature, could be a finer picture of manly fortitude than in that noble savage. He positively—never—never once—during the many hours we were with him, showed by a move, a wink, or the contraction of a muscle, that he felt pain from his wound, or fear for the death which seemed too sure to follow it, though the perspiration literally pouring from his chest and shoulders showed how much he suffered. He looked up calmly in our faces—poor fellow! If it was to find comfort or confidence there, I fear he found not much of either. I do not believe that one of us could altogether check the tears that involuntarily rose to see the manly fellow, and to know his fate inevitable. We did all we could—made a litter; carried him to his rock; built a shed over him; put back the bowels and sewed up the wound; found out his relations, (luckily he was not married,) &c., &c. But the end of this sad story is that the poor fellow died the day after we left this neighborhood, to our great grief, though, as it appeared, not at all to the surprise of the old Mohandiram of Neelghelly, who informed us, that if he had known we were going to shoot at Palitalawa he should decidedly have prevented it; the place being especially and most particularly consigned over to the devil: but that from the moment he had heard that the Veddahs had eaten the pig we shot, (which he says they did,) nothing of horror that might have occurred could have astonished him in the least. The Veddah's accident threw a gloom over us all. Our list of elephants killed had turned one hundred, which we had modestly aspired to as our maximum; and we felt impressed with the melancholy conviction that, do what we would, the people, who were now footsore, rich, home-sick, and perhaps a little frightened, would humbug us, and that we had seen the end of our sport.

There were more buffaloes about Palitalawa than at the Park, but they seemed in general so inoffensive that we didn't think of firing at them. We had walked close to them and lain down within ten yards of them; in fact, treated them precisely as we had done domestic cattle while deer-shooting, and except by a half-threatening shake of the head occasionally, they scarcely seemed to notice us. Of course we all knew that a buffalo provoked was often an awkward customer, and that he always takes a most unaccountable deal of killing; but I declare I had imbibed a sort of friendly feeling for the brutes, who struck me as having something essentially John Bullish in their character. To let alone and to be let alone seemed to me their rule, which they enforced by a surly, dogged exterior, and now and then by a flourish of their horns, as much as to say, "You'd better let me be;" and although they would commonly get away if they could with or without a wound, if forced to fight no wild animal fought so desperately.

There were certainly none of the softer graces about them, but I have seen it somewhere said of honest John, that "it's being the beast he is that has made a man of him;" however, I hereby read my recantation, for Heaven bless the dear old fellow Bull! he would scorn to do so dastardly a blackguardism as that we have recounted of Mr. Buffalo.

8th January.—We went back to Rogers' bungalow, resting midway at Dunagallé, where several shots were fired at a wild buffalo that had contrived to accommodate himself amongst a herd of those by courtesy called tame ones; but he was too cunning for us, keeping in the very middle of the good company he had introduced himself to; and when at last we bullied this Don Juan of buffaloes into scampering off—to the shame of the domesticated cattle of Ceylon be it said—away went all the objects of his unhallowed passion around him, whisking their tails and frisking their hind-quarters as if the soul of Héloïse had descended upon the whole herd. We passed through a gloriously wild mass of rocks near a river, which we had to swim, while on the trail of some elephants, and which just as we struck off they told us was most famous for its alligators; but we neither saw them nor anything else, with the exception of G—, who, having dismounted and killed a deer, had the luck to fall in with five elephants, two of which he shot, we listening to his popping as we took our Madeira in the bungalow.

9th January.—Next day we bade farewell to the Park. As we rode through it to breakfast at Dimbledenny, whence (beating ineffectually *en route* for an horallia, or rogue elephant, at the pretty and populous Moormans' village of Kotabowa) we reached Diagoné, where we halted on the 10th to break up. This was some miles out of the Park; but there were elephants about, and S— and M— went after one of bad character, and found three in very thick cover; one of which was dropped after a very liberal expenditure of ammunition. He was our last, and so fat a brute that I do believe several of the shots which did not kill him would have done so but for his fleshy defences. Our total return of killed on this trip was as follows:—26 by R—; 24 by G—; 22 by S—; 19 by V—; 9 by M—, and 4 undecided, making a total of 104; 64 of them being shot in three days, on two of which we had also to "kill us venison." I think it worthy of mention, as not derogating from the shooting, but illustrating still more palpably the very favorable nature of the Park ground, that our killed in that neighborhood amounted to near five sixths of the elephants seen. The others shot on the day of meeting and at Diagoné, were shot in thick cover, where large numbers are neither so easily reckoned nor disposed of.

Next morning V— and M— took a sorrowful leave of their friends, one of whom, an officer of the quarter-master-general's department, was going to work his way over to Batticaloa; and the other lucky fellow, having leave to the end of February, meant to accompany him. Should this letter prove at all worthy your notice, I feel it would be incomplete without the following extracts from G—'s letters, pointing out the most interesting particulars of their sport:—

"On the 12th, at Kotabowa, I heard of a tuskier in the middle of the day: had a beautiful shot on the side of a steep and rocky hill. He fell over, rolling twenty or thirty yards down the side, making a tremendous crash: his tusks are thick,

but not very long. In returning I fell in with four others, which I exterminated. At Dimbledenny a large herd of elephants had broken into the chenas, (cleared lands,) and we saw their ravages in every direction. S— shot a fine buck on our way, to the delight of our hungry followers. Nothing can be more beautiful than a ride in this country, while the pleasure of seeing a fine pair of antlers rising above the long grass, and partridges, quail, and snipe, continually in your path, makes the journey always exciting. Late in the evening we reached the bungalow, which looked sad and solitary after the pleasant party which had left it.

"On the 17th, in riding to the Pattipalar, saw several herd of deer, but did not kill any till evening, when S— knocked over a fine buck. We started at daylight next day, and breakfasted by the banks of a beautiful stream, devoting the whole day to shooting. I only came upon the track of two elephants; one I killed the first shot. I fell in shortly after with the other; he charged with his trunk curled up, and head so high, that I had little chance of giving him a mortal wound. My shot turned him, and I followed him for nearly two hours, sometimes over the most rocky ground and through the thickest jungle, and at last was fairly beat and obliged to give it up. It was quite wonderful to see the quickness of the Veddahs in following the trail; often I could not distinguish the slightest mark, when it was apparently plain to them. We saw a few deer on our return, and quantities of wild buffaloes, which are very numerous here. Rode to the Navallar, ten miles, on the following morning; the first part through open plains, the remainder forest. Saw two or three herds of deer next day, and killed a fine doe, and ought to have had a buck. I did not return home till very late; the little valley I had been shooting in looked so beautiful. A lovely moon had risen; on one side was a range of wooded hills, and at their foot fine clumps of trees, and on the other the dark line of a thick jungle extending for miles. Three or four large herds of deer crossed my path, and their wild bark, with the harsh scream of the peacock on every side, made it very interesting. It was too dark to shoot, of which they seemed to be aware, as I frequently came within twenty or thirty yards of a herd, when perhaps a buck would walk a few paces towards me, and then give a bark as a warning, and dash away with the herd after him. I mounted my horse at last, and rode to our encampment through a mile of forest. We rode to Condawattune (eighteen miles) on the 21st, through a thick jungle. The first thing that greeted our view on arriving there was three elephants wallowing in the mud, (which was up to their middle,) and plucking the long grass, which they carefully washed before they ate it. A number of large white paddy birds were amusing themselves by jumping on and off the beasts, both parties seeming vastly pleased with their occupations. As our shooting at the elephants did not move them, we took my little rifle and began to crack at their friends the paddy birds, and as the distance was good two hundred yards, several of the shots struck the elephants, who at first only shook their heads and looked cross; but at last they arose, and walked very leisurely out of the mud till they reached the firm ground, when they formed as regular a line as could be, broke into a trot, and when within thirty yards threw up their heads and trunks, and charged up to us most gallantly. The one oppo-

site me kept his head so high, that it was perfectly safe, but my shot turned him, and he took the jungle, where I killed him. Condawattune is a small Moorish village, situated on the banks of a large marsh, through which branches of the Pattipalar and Navallar run, and form a large lake in the floods. About a mile from it is another marsh, where we went in the evening, and saw a herd of thirty elephants grazing. We killed nine of them. There are quantities of deer, and swarms of pea-fowl, besides snipe, duck, &c.; but we had no powder to waste. We started early in the morning, after a sleepless night from the musquitos, the bellowing of the buffaloes, and roaring of the elephants. S— killed a small tusker, and we shortly after came upon a large herd, and killed twelve. One fellow very nearly caught me, and I was not more than a foot from him when I turned him. We moved homewards, and saw a large herd of twenty-five on the border of the marsh, when we heard a tusker was at the other end. He luckily fell to my shot, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a very pretty pair of tusks. This was my best day, having killed eleven. Our walk home was delightful. We had a beautiful moon, and at the back of our little encampment Friar's Hood, False Hood and various other mountains were in the distance. We saw every description of game—large herds of deer, pea-fowl, &c. The only disagreeable-looking fellows were the alligators, which we saw gliding into the rivers we had to cross, but the people seemed very little afraid of them. It is a most exciting life. Our little tallipot tent seems to us as luxurious and comfortable as the best house we ever slept in. The first herd of thirty, which we saw grazing by the marsh, gave us for the time one of the best skirmishes we have had. We followed them into a thick thorny jungle, where they seemed quite out of their beat, crowding one upon the other, sometimes charging us, and then perhaps ten or twelve of them rushing off with a tremendous crash. I killed four without moving an inch; two charged, and the others waited till I reloaded, not liking to advance over their dead brethren. We were obliged to retreat for want of daylight. After the paddy is reaped, which takes place about June, the plain is crowded with elephants, eating the burnt roots, and we were told three or four tuskers were frequently seen in the day.

"On the 24th we arrived at Batticaloa at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The banks of the large lake, bordered with trees, are flat and uninteresting; but we saw swarms of alligators along them, and fishing seemed to be carried on the whole length of the lake. Groups of people surrounded the bushes overhanging the banks, with bows and arrows, this being one of the ways they fish; and at night the whole banks were lighted up with fishermen holding chools in one hand and in the other a basket, which they put over the fish on its coming to the surface.

"We sailed down the lake from Batticaloa on the night of the 28th, and arrived early at Mandoor, where we breakfasted and separated, after passing together a most agreeable month. S— moved west to his wild ground, and I sailed south for five miles farther towards mine. but I did not see an elephant till I had travelled eighty miles. There were tracks enough, but they were said to be all in a deep jungle, feeding on the young sprouts. After the harvest they are reported to swarm along the whole line. At Com-

ary, a miserable place, the natives begged me to shoot two wild buffaloes, who had joined their tame herds, and were very dangerous. I broke the leg of one, who escaped into the jungle, and shot the other clean through the body; but, barring a tumble, he did not appear the worse for it. Buffaloes and pea-fowl abounded on the way to Pattville, and near Organdemalle. I saw several of the former, and fired at one without effect, though the ball went into his chest. I, however, killed a fine buck, which was welcomed with acclamation. On the way to the Komenaar, on the 3d, I witnessed a comical scene, which proved terribly detrimental to my wine and crockery. An elephant attacked my coolies a few yards ahead of me, putting them all to flight, and really seemed puzzled to know which was worth most, running first after one and then the others; he came up to me in gallant style, and I killed him. Shortly after I met with four others, and shot them. At Potanè everything appeared burnt up, but there were a good number of single elephants, of which I bagged seven, besides a buffalo and a deer. I also went up the Mandagal Kandè for bears, but saw none. The country to Yaale very flat, with small openings in the jungle. Saw five elephants on the road, and killed all. Met two in the plain at Yaale, and killed one. Yaale is by the side of the river Manic, a beautiful jungle. Went out shooting at daylight, saw two and killed them; and saw quantity of elk. Everything is burnt up, but it must be a good place in wet weather. On the road to Palootopane I shot six elephants."

He had no more shooting till he reached a place called Madooenwelle on the 13th, whence he writes:—"Left early for Madooenwelle; found a very civil Modliar, and a good house. Heard of three tuskers, fell in with one, and killed him; and the next day with the second, and the day after with the third, killing them, with three others. There were plenty of elephants, but the jungle as bad as possible—so thick and thorny."

The remainder of his route was without adventure as regards sport, until the 26th, when, while breakfasting at Nambapanè on the kaloo river, after a ride of twenty miles, he heard tidings of a large herd, with a tusker among them. He accordingly went out, and in a very thick jungle of the clumpy bamboo came near, though he could not see them. One fellow was evidently very angry, growling and screaming out sharp shrill trumpets every now and then. On passing into a small opening, G— heard, and almost at the same moment saw, an elephant, dashing at him. He fired his two barrels, but a clump of the bamboos making the beast take a diagonal direction at the moment, the shot was a slanting one. His gun-bearer gallantly put a fresh gun into his hand, but in taking

it he slipped and fell, and, as the elephant was then right above him, fired upwards under his trunk. The beast dropped over G—, who ascribes his safety to his being either under his neck or between his legs. He says the sensation was what he should expect if a mountain were to fall on him, and he had a confused fancy that the beast kicked him from his fore to his hind legs, and back again. All that is certain is that the elephant must have been well bothered, and went away leaving G— with his pretty Purdy smashed to pieces, and himself very much bruised in the legs and body, and with several ugly gashes on his face, which was afterwards awfully swollen and discolored. He, however, rode on near twenty miles that day, and arrived at Colombo next morning quite exhausted; all he could say to account for his appearance at the door of a brother-officer being the word "Elephant, elephant." By the care of his medical friends, he was set up again in about a fortnight, and is now at this present writing with merely a couple of little scars on his nose and lip, laboriously endeavoring, by every sophistry of calculation, to antedate the period when he may be again at work. Shooting singly is a good deal practised, but of course it multiplies the unfavorable chances of the sport very considerably. Nor does a large party very much diminish them, as after the elephants break it is every one for himself. The safest mode is to shoot by twos, who agree to take alternate shots; but men separate even with this arrangement.

And now, sir, I fear we have given you a surfeit of elephant-shooting; but it was our wish to show the sort of sport it is, and to assure those brother-officers who may be destined to serve here, and who care for shooting, that to ramble over this most beautiful of created lands with this sport as an object is a good to thank Heaven for. which lightens beyond conception the tiresome monotony of tropical life. I do not think that the conscientious could object to it on the score of cruelty, for the elephants destroy a very great deal of cultivation, and no inconsiderable number of lives. But there are other objections which it is easier to state than to answer, and which I do not deny are urged, even here, against the sport by some who have, as well as by many who have not enjoyed it. Take them in the words of Molière:—

"Si c'étoit qu'on ne fut à la chasse
Des lièvres, des lapins, et des jeunes daims—passe :
Mais d'aller attaquer de ces bêtes vilaines,
Qui n'ont aucun respect pour les faces humaines,
Et qui courent les gens, qui les veulent courir,
C'est un sot passe-temps qui je ne puis souffrir !"

After all, what say you, Mr. Editor?

"Lead we not here a jolly life,
Betwixt the shine and shade !"

POLITICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—Our old political friends are so much in the habit of appearing with new faces, that it is really impossible to catch the very various aspects under which they, from time to time, present themselves. We would suggest, therefore, that the photographic art, which is capable of catching the momentary expression of the features, should be applied to statesmen, with the view of giving something like permanency to political appearances. We know that such portraits are frequently not very flattering to the subjects,

for the shadows are strongly marked, and the general tone is by no means prepossessing. Still, as a series of faithful political portraits, a collection made on the principle we suggest, would be one of considerable interest to those who might be curious to know what Sir R. Peel was even a year ago. A photographic likeness of him, taken even at that comparatively recent period, would startle those who have only seen him in his recent character.—*Punch*.

From the New Quarterly Review.

Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, in the years 1843—1845, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. By the Rev. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., LL.D. Third Edition. London: Parker, 1846.

GHENGIS KHAN was said to have been born of the Sun, in a somewhat peculiar fashion. We lean to the same hypothesis with respect to Dr. Wolff, for assuredly nowhere do we see so vivid an East as brightens in his pages. The work before us, which we noticed in our 6th vol. at pp. 166—269, has been much modified, improved, and enlarged by the Rev. Doctor; and his zeal has excited such a commotion in England, that we really do believe English envoys will, in future, be better seen to than the two in behalf of whom Dr. Wolff proceeded to Bokhara, and a third, whose death was also ascertained by his mission, Lieut. Wyburd. Our readers will be delighted to learn, that, although neither of the three sources from which we anticipated the promotion of Dr. Wolff, —the Missionary world, the See of London, (especially devoted to the overseeing of foreign parts,) and government—has, in the slightest degree, requited him for his labors; yet has a private friend, Colonel Michel, partially supplied their defects, by giving Dr. Wolff a small living, valued at £200 per annum, without a house. The worthy doctor has, consequently, been obliged to mortgage his little living, by borrowing of the Queen Anne's Bounty four years of the gross value to build a vicarage at Isle Brewers, in Somersetshire. Can such a state of things as the church at present exhibits continue? Will not the palpable injustice of the present system ruin any polity? £30,000 of church money are consumed in the purchase of a palace for a bishop, well able to pay for his house out of the proceeds of the episcopate; and the learned, soul-devoted missionary, Dr. Wolff, who has a world-wide reputation, has to give up out of his small living a large annual portion to procure a roof to shelter his head. Nor is this the only crying case of the poor presbyter body, in opposition to the unduly enriched episcopal. Not a single incumbent of any new church throughout the kingdom has the opportunity of borrowing one farthing to purchase a house, since he cannot offer any other security than pew-rents and fees; and not a step is taken in the house by the bishops, to enlarge the powers of the Queen Anne's Bounty fund, to meet the increasing demands of the times. It appears that the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commission are also strictly confined to aiding livings under £200 per annum—a very proper measure; but it ought to be followed, in strict justice, by the absolute negative of any funds for estates or palaces to bishops at all. The equalized revenues of the Sees admit of this being done out of the episcopacy itself; and we trust Sir R. Peel will not allow the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, mostly bishops, in the present fearful state of non-residence from want of any fitting residence, to proceed *pari passu* with this wanton expenditure of the church's treasure. If, however, it be any satisfaction to Dr. Wolff to know that thousands of the clergy are not even in so favorable a position as himself, he may take that for granted.

It is not our intention, in the present brief paper, to do more than indicate certain points in connexion with our assertions in a previous volume, which will materially carry out, explain, and

enlarge the view we were then enabled to lay before the public of the conduct of the foreign department of the government in the affair of our envoys as Bokhara. There is not one point in the view we entertained then which we are not fully prepared to substantiate now; but before we proceed to this point, we shall simply run over the volume before us, distinguishing its additions and emendations from the two former editions.

The brief notice of Ephrem Syrus will be read with interest. This Ephrem Syrus was born in the birth-place of Abraham, the ancient Ur of the Chaldees, according to the tradition of the vicinity, now called Edessa, A. D. 370. Assemanni asserts that he was born at Nisibin, the Acad of Genesis x. 10. He became the disciple of the Bishop of Nisibin, and one of the most deeply read in Scripture of all the fathers of the Syrian church. The churches of the Maronites, on Mount Lebanon, and the Syrians in Mesopotamia, daily use his form of prayers. He died a simple deacon in that church. We subjoin two extremely characteristic anecdotes of him.

"When Ephrem Syrus came near Orfa, he besought God that the first person which he should meet, should tell him something from the holy Scripture. The first person he met with was a woman of bad character; he looked at her for a moment, and then, sorrowful, looked away from her, afflicted that his prayer had not been heard. The woman, who observed that after he had looked at her he became thoughtful, put herself in his way, and looked at him. He asked her why she stood before him! She replied, 'I have a right to do so, for I was taken from thee, as thou art a man; and thou lookest upon the earth, from which thou hast been taken!' Ephrem was astonished that God had heard his prayer in such an extraordinary manner—that the first whom he was to meet should tell him something from Scripture."

The other anecdote is still more characteristic of the man.

"When he had taken a house in the city, he observed that a coquet lived near him, who was able to look from her window into his room. She called to him, 'My father, give me thy blessing.' He went to the window: when he perceived the woman he said, 'I pray God that he may bless thee!' She asked whether he was not in want of anything in his lodging! 'Yes,' he replied; 'some stones and clay, in order to wall up the window through which thou art able to look.'—'Thou treatest me harshly,' she replied. 'I should like to become intimate with thee, and thou art averse to speak with me.'—'Well,' Ephrem replied, 'come with me to the public marketplace.' She replied, 'Should we not be ashamed there, in the presence of so many people?'—'If,' he replied, 'we have reason to be ashamed before men, have we not rather more reason to be ashamed before God, who looks into the inmost recesses of our hearts?' The woman was touched, the ray of mercy shone through her heart, she repented; he read with her the Scripture, and she died a penitent woman."

The following passage forms another link in the chain of evidence to which we have alluded in former articles, proving the falsity of the statement of Seleh Muhammed, the Akhund Zadeh, on whom government reposed implicit reliance, as to the fact of the execution of the envoys.

"I think it right to add, that Colonel Sheil did not entertain a firm conviction of the death of the

envoys; since, before my departure from Teheraun, his mind was by no means made up upon the question, and after I had quitted, his letter to her majesty's government is still less so. This letter contained the information of a native of Teheraun, named Jacob, who was released from captivity at Khokand by Captain Conolly, whom he accompanied to Bokhara. His evidence reduced that on which government depended, Saleh Muhammed's, to a nullity. When the two officers were thrown into prison, he shared their fate, being imprisoned with them. He remained a year and upwards at Bokhara, and there witnessed the execution of Captain Conolly's Greek servant, Youssof. He stated, that during this year, 1842, no public execution had taken place, or at least he had not heard of any, and he could not have failed to do so had the event occurred. This important evidence proved Saleh Muhammed to be wrong in his date of the execution, 1842: nay, Sir Robert Peel admitted in the house of commons that the *more recent accounts* confirmed the impression that no public execution had taken place. Jacob expressed a strong hope that Stoddart was living, but owned that Conolly was considered as a spy. Jacob further stated, that the execution of Youssof was on a Friday, the day on which Saleh Muhammed mentions the execution of the officers.

"The narrative of Rajab, my servant, fully confirmed this statement. There was, in effect, no evidence of their death of a clear character until I procured the official report from the Ameer."

The more an attentive observer watches Dr. Wolff, the further will he see grounds to believe his repeated assertion, that these officers would both have been saved by timely and decided aid from government; and we shall confirm this view by other passages, which completely substantiate the necessity that existed for prompt measures on the part of the Stoddart and Conolly committee, and for the energetic proceedings in England and Russia adopted by Captain Grover. The officers were, in effect, sacrificed by the want of energy and penetration as to the character of his agents on the part of our resident at Teheraun. He appears always to have employed those whom he ought not, and never to have employed those that he both ought and could have trusted. In fact, the following anecdote will clearly prove what kind of a person Colonel Sheil consigned Dr. Wolff to, on his arrival at Bokhara. He gave him letters of recommendation to a villainous Kuzzilbash, the sworn foe of England, Abdul Samut Khan, Naye, or lieutenant, of the Ameer.

"Abdul Samut Khan related to me the murder of Todderweis in the following manner: 'Now think, Mullah Joseph Wolff, what a tyrant the Ameer is. Todderweis, a German, wrote to me from Heraut, that he wished to be employed in the service of the Ameer. I wrote to him that he should not come; but in spite of my warning he set out for Bokhara. As soon as he came to the frontier, he was blindfolded, brought to Bokhara, and without my being allowed to see him, he was put to death. If I could have seen him, or spoken to him, I might have saved him; but you Europeans are suspicious, and Todderweis did not even use my name.' Now, on my arrival at Teheraun I found Todderweis alive, who told me that Abdul Samut Khan had most particularly urged him to come to Bokhara; but when he (Todderweis) heard of the death of Stoddart and Conolly, he changed his mind and did not go, though he had written to Ab-

dul Samut Khan that he was preparing to set out. However, another European went instead of him, 'who was immediately seized, blindfolded, brought to Bokhara, and put to death, as Yar Muhammed Khan told me.' This is the account of Todderweis. It agrees with what I heard from several Usbecks at Bokhara, that Abdul Samut Khan triumphantly said, when the European from Heraut was executed, 'I deceived him, and made the Infidel come here.' He did so, and then denounced him as a spy, and therefore he was blindfolded and executed; and as Abdul Samut Khan's intended victim was Todderweis, he supposed that he had entrapped his former friend, and not a total stranger. The infamous character of the Naye is only the more apparent from this change of circumstances."

We fully agree with Dr. Wolff, that the change of circumstances does not diminish the atrocity of this murder; but we trust the "*vestigia nulla retrorsum*" will teach all curious travellers not to venture too near this den of villany, unless shielded by the holiness of character, the purity of purpose, the thorough eastern knowledge, and the prudence of demeanor that constituted Dr. Wolff's defence, even against the tyrant Ameer himself.

The following extract is peculiarly illustrative of Dr. Wolff's manner of writing, who is remarkably just in his parallels. The mercenary Türkomauns said to him one day, after he had given them money, that rich people are *possessors of heads and understanding*. His remarks on this matter are both quaint and curious.

"This is the Türkomaun idiom, and answers to our *capitalist*, and for the same reason in both tongues. *Capital* is derived from *caput*, i. e. head, *the understanding*, and by *understanding* we acquire the possession of money, and by money we obtain understanding; and thus money is a *capital* thing. It allures us with the words of the serpent, 'He that eateth of this tree, his eyes shall be opened, and he shall be like gods, (the artful old polytheist,) knowing good and evil.' He that eats of that fruit will be considered happy, and a man of *intellect*. His eyes shall be opened, so that he shall obtain new views of things—of religion, truth, humility, and abstinence. He shall be like the gods, for he shall be numbered among the powerful and mighty. Incense is offered unto him, hopes are entertained of him, and he is worshipped. He is himself no longer in need of much of the assistance of God, he thinks, as other men are: he knows good and evil. One thing with him, however, is the thing, and this he possesses: he is a *capitalist*, or in Türkomaun idiom a *head-holder*. If one speaks of a physician, his art is praised, his talent, his industry; but, as the climax of all, men say, 'He will make his fortune, become a capitalist!' If the discourse turn on a lawyer, the same measure is applied, and a Sir William Follett dies a *capitalist*. 'Everything is obedient to money,' says many an ancient writer, and owns its *headship*. This, however, will not always be the *measure of might*.

'Needs must the serpent soon his *capital* bruise
Expect with mortal pain.'—Milton.

But, amid the additions which Dr. Wolff has made to the present volume, few will add greater interest than the pages he has devoted to the life of Timur. We shall condense the materials of this, and furnish our readers with extracts from it, to give them a full idea of the powerful style in

which it is written. Timur derived his first name from *iron*; that of Timur Lank, or Timur the lame, Tamerlane, from a wound he received at the siege of Sistan. He was the son of Tharagays, who descended from Ghengis Khan. The Persian historians say of him, that he was not only a world-conqueror, but a world-holder. We extract his character and personal appearance, and in Dr. Wolff's own words.

"He was of great stature, of an extraordinary large head, open forehead, of a beautiful red and white complexion, and with long hair—white from his birth, like *Zal*, the renowned hero of Persian history. In his ears he wore two diamonds of great value. He was of a serious and gloomy expression of countenance, an enemy to every joke or jest, but especially to falsehood, which he hated to such a degree, that he preferred a disagreeable truth to an agreeable lie—in this respect far different from the character of Alexander, who put to death Clitus, his friend and companion in arms, as well as the philosopher Callisthenes, for uttering disagreeable truths to him. Timur never relinquished his purpose or countermanded his order; never regretted the past, nor rejoiced in the anticipation of the future; he neither loved poets nor buffoons, but physicians, astronomers, and lawyers, whom he frequently desired to carry on discussions in his presence; but most particularly he loved those derveshes whose fame of sanctity paved his way to victory by their blessing. He was a great lover of chess, in which he excelled; and from the famous move, 'Castling the King,' his beloved son received the name 'Shah Rook,' which means 'king and castle.' His most darling books were histories of war, and biographies of warriors and other celebrated men. His learning was confined to the knowledge of reading and writing; but he had such a retentive memory, that whatever he read or heard once he never forgot. He was only acquainted with three languages—the Turkish, Persian, and Mongolian. The Arabic was foreign to him. He preferred the *Tora* of Ghengis Khan to the *Koran*; so that the Ulemas found it necessary to issue a *Fetwa*, by which they declared those to be infidels who preferred human laws to the divine. He completed Ghengis Khan's *Tora* by his own code, called *Tufuk*, which comprised the degrees and ranks of his officers. Without the philosophy of Antoninus, or the pedantry of Constantine, his laws exhibit a deep knowledge of military art and political science."

Timur passed his youth in the hunt and the foray, and rendered important public services to the Tshagatay Ameer Hussein, who then resided at Balkh and Heraut, and had to support the invasion of Timurtoglu Khan, lord of Türkistaun. The gallantry of Timur in the war won him the hand of the Princess Turkan Khan, the sister of the Tshagatay. She died four years after her marriage, and he then rebelled against the sovereignty of the Tshagatay. He was successful, and chose Samarcand as the seat of his power. During the four times nine years of his government, he returned nine times to Samarcand to recruit his troops for fresh achievements. He united upon his head by war the crowns of three times nine countries, and nine potent dynasties. A single campaign subdued Hindüstaun, and even Bayazid, the Sultan of the Turks, in the far west, yielded to his might. The following extract will convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of the Tatar king.

"After the first campaign against the king of Khiva, Timur demanded by an embassy his

daughter Khan-Sadah, as a wife for his eldest son Jehaan-Geer; and Hussein Sooffee made such preparation as surpassed the splendor of the celebrated marriage-feasts of the great khaleefs Mamoon and Mootedhad, sons of Haroun Rashid. The bride's outfit consisted of rich crowns, of golden thrones, of precious armlets and ear-rings, of girdles, of diamonds and pearls, of beds, tents, and palanquins. As a welcome, the grandees of the empire threw over the head of the bride gold pieces and pearls, the air was filled with the odor of Ambra, the ground was covered with carpets and gold; throughout all the towns which they passed, the Sheikhs and Cadis, the Imams and Mullahs came out to meet them, and all these festivities were doubled at their arrival in Samarcand. The tent in which the espousal took place represented in its interior the dome of heaven, covered with stars and sown with diamonds. Shawls, clothes, and stuffs were distributed among the guests, and in the nuptial chamber the astronomers placed the horoscope of the happy and lucky moment of the espousal.

"With less pomp, Timur celebrated his own espousal with the Princess Dil-Shad-Aga, daughter of the Sultan of the Tsheets, after he had made her captive in the second campaign with her father. Beside the above-mentioned wives, he married, after Turkan's death, the Princess Tuman-Aga, daughter of the Ameer Moosa, on whose account he united the twelve royal gardens of Samarcand into one, and called it Baghee-Behesht, garden of paradise. But no alliance by marriage was able to save either the Sultan of the Tsheets, or the king of Kharasm or Khiva. The latter, after he had violated the rights of nations by imprisoning Timur's ambassadors, was besieged, in the last campaign, for the space of three months and a half in his capital. At the foot of the walls Timur challenged the father-in-law of his son to a duel, which he did not accept. The city was taken by storm and plundered, all the Sheikhs, learned men, artists, and mechanics were banished to Shahr-Sabz—Timur's place of nativity."

Cruel as the grave, merciless as death, a piler up of pyramids of the dead, Timur was yet an exemplary father and a tender husband. When Jehaan-Geer his favorite son, and Turkan-Khatun his beloved wife, died, he exclaimed, "We are of God, and to God we shall return." A mighty proof that the Tatar felt how weak was mortal power, and how mighty its source. He was one devoted, like Mr. Carlyle, to hero-worship; for on his entry into conquered Meshed, he passed the tomb of Firdousi, Persia's noblest poet, and performed his devotions at that of Abou-Moslem, by whose sword a million of men had perished. There Timur dismounted and begged a blessing. But a dervesh met him there, and said, "The bloody shadow of Abou-Moslem is hovering over thee, thou man of blood." So that there was, even in those days, a bold voice from the heart of man against the killer of his kind.

Tradition says, the shade of Rustam appeared to warn him after the conquest of Khorassaun from further battle; but though wounded in the doubtful strife, he called out to his dispirited followers, "Soldiers! shall our ancestors say we were frightened by a phantom?" Such was the "Iron King," and well may we thank Heaven that such strong souls are few, for Timur felt the world itself not adequate to fill the ambition of his Tatar

heart. We trust it will be long before it catches such another Tartar.

The inefficiency of the resident at Teheraun, whether proceeding from gout or general illness, strikes Dr. Wolff at every page. The activity at Constantinople and the sluggishness at Teheraun move him strongly, which the following passage evinces; but this sluggishness or indifference to life is felt, we shall soon show, in a tolerably large proportion somewhat nearer home.

"The more I reflect on Colonel Sheil's conduct, the more do I perceive his culpable neglect and indifference. On my arrival at Teheraun from England, he told me that he had kept in the embassy Rajab, late servant to Colonel Stoddart, who was ready to accompany me to Bokhara. Rajab was from Meshed. As soon as he had arrived with me at Meshed, he expressed his fears, as I have stated, of accompanying me to Bokhara; I however prevailed upon him to accompany me as far as Mowr, whence he returned to Meshed, where I met Rajab again, who was on his way to Teheraun in order to obtain one hundred and fifty toman which Colonel Sheil owed to him. Now Rajab told me at Meshed, in the presence of Ameer Beg, and Mirza Abdullah Wahab, and Abbas Kouli Khan, that that infamous fellow Abdullah said to the people at Meshed in the public market-place: 'Abdul Samut Khan seized hold of my robe and said: Kill this Englishman on the road; do not suffer him to go alive to his country.' Mirza Abdul Wahab, the Persian painter, also affirmed that Abdul Samut Khan had said the same. I desired, therefore, Colonel Sheil to examine Rajab about it, for he arrived fourteen days before me at Teheraun, and I gave carefully a letter to that effect to Rajab for Colonel Sheil; but Colonel Sheil never even admitted Rajab to his presence, and when I brought Mirza Abdullah Wahab to him, he walked away as fast as possible. How differently did Sir Stratford Canning act. When I informed him of Abdul Samut Khan's conduct, his excellency said: 'Why did you not propose to the Ameer to send Abdul Samut Khan as ambassador?'"

The writings of Dr. Wolff always involve a mass of information on religious subjects either of the Syrian, Greek, Armenian, or other churches. In a conversation with Nierses, the Katokhikos or Archbishop of Tiflis, he learns his sentiments on some curious points, and amongst others on the instruments used in the crucifixion of our Lord. Right or wrong the application is extremely ingenious, and we append it.

"Every instrument, every material used at the crucifixion of Christ, teaches us a lesson.

"1. *The thirty silverlings* are emblems of the mean price for which the sinner casts away his prospects of eternal life.

"2. *The lantern with which Judas led the bands to Christ*, is emblematical of the false light spread by modern civilization.

"3. *The bonds with which Christ was bound*, are emblems of the bonds of love with which he loved us, in opposition to the bonds of sin which enslave us.

"4. *Voice of the cock*. An emblem of the voice of conscience.

"5. *Scourges*. Emblems of eternal chastenings.

"6. *Purple robes*. Punishment for blood-guiltiness.

"7. *Crown of thorns*. The difficulty with which one obtains a crown of glory.

"8. *Sceptre of reeds*. Vacillation of the will.

"9. *Gall and myrrh*. Bitterness of heart.

"10. *The basin in which Pilate washed his hands*. An emblem of hypocrisy—self-righteousness, by which the inquietude of conscience seeks pretext and excuse.

"11. *Superscription on the cross and with the cross*, shows him against whom the heart of man is rebellious, and how far the enmity of man against God can be carried.

"12. *Casting of lots*. An emblem of man's folly, in exposing eternal salvation to risk and uncertainty."

We shall here close our notice of the fresh subjects entered upon by Dr. Wolff in this third edition, not from any inability to discover far more, but because there is a curious correspondence between Lord Aberdeen and Dr. Wolff, and also between Colonel Sheil and the doctor, to both of which we wish especially to draw public attention.

Our readers are many of them aware that a very distinguished oriental scholar, Lieutenant Wyburd, was among the number of those unhappy Englishmen who were sacrificed to the blind caprice of the Ameer of Bokhara, goaded on by Abdul Samut Khan, from motives best known to himself. The relatives of this lamented officer never possessed, until the return of Dr. Wolff, anything like satisfactory information of his death, and they in consequence sought for this from our foreign-office. As no information was possessed by government, they referred Mrs. Furrell, Wyburd's married sister, to Dr. Wolff. We subjoin the correspondence:—

"*Vicarage Place, Kensington, 31st Oct., 1845.*

"Dear Sir,

"The enclosed copy of a letter from the Foreign-office is in reply to one addressed by me to Lord Aberdeen, requesting him to obtain from you, directly, a full, particular, and official detail of all you know respecting the supposed fate of my unfortunate brother. Will you, therefore, again tax your memory in our behalf, and forward the same either to Lord Aberdeen or myself; if to Lord Aberdeen, I shall feel obliged by your transmitting to me a copy of the same.

"With grateful remembrances to Lady Georgiana, I remain yours truly,

"ANN FURRELL."

Copy of the Letter enclosed.

"Lord Aberdeen presents his compliments to Mrs. Furrell, and in acknowledging the receipt of her letter of the 23d instant, he begs leave to state to her, that as the additional information respecting Lieutenant Wyburd, to which Miss Wyburd and Mrs. Furrell referred in their letter of the 15th instant, was communicated to Mrs. Furrell in the first instance by Dr. Wolff, he considers that it would be more suitable that she should herself obtain from Dr. Wolff the full particulars of his communication to her, which from the circumstances under which it was made appears not to have been sufficiently impressed upon her mind to admit of her distinctly imparting the substance of it to Lord Aberdeen, without further reference to Dr. Wolff. Dr. Wolff is at present at Malines, and any letter which Mrs. Furrell or Miss Wyburd will address to him for the purpose above specified, will be forwarded through her majesty's mission at Brussels, if sent to Lord Aberdeen on any Tuesday or Friday.

"With regard to the request contained in Mrs.

Furrell's letter of the 23d instant, to be furnished with a copy of the instructions sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheil respecting Lieutenant Wyburd, Lord Aberdeen begs leave to state, that if Dr. Wolff's reply to Mrs. Furrell's inquiry should make it necessary to address any further instructions to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheil, Lord Aberdeen will have the honor of communicating again with Mrs. Furrell.

"Foreign Office, Oct. 28, 1845."

Dr. Wolff's remarks on this proceeding are manly and straightforward:—

"I must confess this circuitous process of the Foreign-office, when the direct one of simply addressing me in person for information was before them, greatly displeased me, and I immediately replied to Mrs. Furrell, that the course of Lord Aberdeen was clear, that if he wanted information which his office could not afford him, it was easy to seek it directly and not indirectly; and I accordingly addressed a reply to Lieutenant Wyburd's sisters, with some strong reflections on Lord Aberdeen; but as I have no wish to injure our Foreign-office, but only to improve the vigilance of some of its departments, for which I fear I am considered hostile to them, but to which I am constrained by the necessity of circumstances, I suppress the strong comments on this circuitous process which I penned at the time, and sent to the Wyburd family." (p. 479.)

The Foreign-office then were compelled to solicit from Dr. Wolff the information in question. We give Mr. Addington's letter:—

"Foreign Office, November 14, 1845.

"Sir,

"I am directed by the Earl of Aberdeen to transmit to you a copy of a letter purporting to have been written by you, which has been sent to his lordship by Mrs. Furrell; and I am to request that you will furnish this office with whatever information you may possess respecting Lieutenant Wyburd's fate, and especially his supposed presence in Bokhara.

"I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"H. U. ADDINGTON."

To this Dr. Wolff replies, furnishing the required details in the remarkable letter that follows:—

"Malines, November 18, 1845."

"My Lord,

"I had the honor to receive yesterday a letter from Mr. Addington, with an enclosed copy of my letter to Mrs. Furrell, which I beg leave to acknowledge; and I have the honor, according to your lordship's command, to furnish you with the following information respecting Lieutenant Wyburd's fate, though I had intended to reserve that information, together with what I still possess with regard to the fate both of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, for my third edition, which will appear in two months.

"On my arrival at Merve, on my way to Bokhara, Ak Muhammed Aga Sakal of Yalatah called on me in the house of the Khaleefa, and gave to me the following account: 'In the Hejira 1252, *thereabout*, corresponding with 1835 A. D., Saher Beyk of Tiri Salor, and others of the tribe (Tiri) of Timur Torra, accompanied by an Eljee Ingles from Asterabad, (if I am not mistaken,) were on the road to Organtsh, when we perceived the Haraam Zadegee, (bastard,) Alaman from the Pedr Sukhta (whose father ought to be burnt) Ameer

Behadur of Bokhara, marching towards us. We at once knew that the Eljee was the cause, and Kouli of Organtsh said, "Those Haraam Zadegee of Bokhara shall not get hold of him," and struck him down and took his money; but he had not much with him, and believing him to be dead, we rode off. But we were afterwards informed that he was only confused, (makshush,) and not dead, but brought to Bokhara, where he was put into prison; and we heard after this that he was put to death in spite of the *iltimas* (intercession) of the Goosh Bekee (God bless him!) at Bokhara. The name of the Eljee was Wooburd Saheb."

"The Khaleefa added, 'I warned the Ameer at the time, but he was too much guided by a Guz-l-Bash.' On my arrival at Jehaar-Joo, I received the information about Lieutenant Wyburd mentioned in my first volume, page 307 of my Narrative, second edition; but with regard to my information about him contained in vol. i., page 326, I now proceed to inform you. One night the Ameer Shab (which means Prince of the Night, and corresponds with Director of the Police) had already ordered the drum to be beaten: Abbas Kouli Khan's quarter was closed. Ameer Sarog and Kaher Kouli, my Türkomaun companions, Abdullah my servant, and Dil Assa Khan with his people being invited out to some house of a Mervee, unexpectedly the Kazi Kelaun entered my room, accompanied by many servants, and a few minutes after him a young man of most dignified appearance, with several others. The Kazi Kelaun rose, and embraced him. The young man said to me, 'Swear not to tell any one here that I have been with you.' I promised solemnly that 'I would not tell a living soul.' He replied, 'I am not satisfied with this. Swear by the head of Jesus and his mother Mary, that you will not tell any one here; and only in your country you may tell the Padishah and the Vizier, with the condition not to publish it. If thou dost not swear, thou shalt be put to death.' I swore. The young man then proceeded: 'Stoddart and Conolly Saheb, poor men, I tried to save them, and my mother tried to save them, but in vain: we shall succeed with you.' I said, 'How do you know that they were killed?' He and the rest then gave me the most incontrovertible and most indisputable evidences, which shall appear in my third edition.

"The young man and the Kazi Kelaun then said, 'But you only know half. Wyburd Saheb, a slender looking man, of firm character, who spoke Arabic and Turkish, on his way to Khiva was overtaken, brought here, sent to the Siyah Jaa, (black well,) and afterwards to that "blood-hound, the cursed" Abdul Samut Khan, and after that to the Hareem. The Goosh Bekee tried to save him, and even one of Hasrat's pleasure * * tried to save him; but good Goosh Bekee had lost his influence, and the boy was asked * * And thus Wyburd Saheb was put to death without mercy,' as I stated in page 326, vol. i., second edition, and the Kazi Kelaun and Muhammed Razool saw his head. And the Kazi Kelaun smilingly added, 'Wyburd Saheb hated Islam, and would not take service with us; and when Hasrat said to him, "If you turn to Islam and take service, I will show you kindness;" Wyburd, though meagre and lean, and white like a wall, replied, "Know that I am an Englishman, and therefore I shall neither change my religion, nor enter your service. You shall see how an Englishman can die!"'

"The young man then said to me, 'You English people love your religion.' I arose from my seat, and said, 'Yes, very much.' His — desired me to sit down, and said, 'Say when you come home, that I shall be always the friend of England, and so will all the mullahs; and you must give me the *fakha*, "blessing," for we know that you are a great dervesh.' The conversation then turned upon Stoddart and Conolly, and the evidence of their execution was repeated. I wished to have the bones, which they declared to be *impracticable* to obtain, for both bodies had been cast into a *well*, and there were also the bones of many others. After they had left, an agent of Sheer Ali Khan of Khokan, in understanding with the young man, remained behind; his name was Haje Muhammed Hussein Khokaanee, together with those servants of the Ameer Shab acquainted with the interview, as Makhsoon, Habeeb, Molam, Sheybek. Timur entered the room and said, 'You know who this was?' 'Yes.' The Haje Muhammed Hussein Khokaanee related to me that he also knew Wyburd. Mullah Benjamin Kaashee, a Jew, also entered one day my room and said, 'If your Padishah has some work for me to do, I am ready. I knew Morecroft, who was killed at Ankhoj; Guthrie and Trebeck, who were poisoned at Muzaur; and Wyburd Saheb, who was taken by the Alaman of Bokhara on his way to Khiva. The Beejaara, "poor man," told me that the Khivites knocked him first down, took everything of him, and then the Alaman of Bokhara brought him here, where I made his acquaintance in the *Siyah Jaa*. I was liberated, but he not until he was killed.'

"I shall be obliged to be at London on the 27th of November, in Berner's Hotel, Berner's-street, Oxford-street, as I wish to make arrangements for the third edition. I shall leave Antwerp on the 26th, (Wednesday.) I have only to add, that no other person has been made acquainted with this communication, as it was requested by your lordship. I have, &c.

(Signed) JOSEPH WOLFF."

After Lord Aberdeen had received these said details, Dr. Wolff was favored with the following brief acknowledgment of his services:—

"*Foreign Office, November 25th, 1845.*

"Sir,

"I am directed by the Earl of Aberdeen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, and to thank you for particulars contained in it respecting the late Lieutenant Wyburd.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"H. U. ADDINGTON."

We frankly own, as plain men, we cannot understand all this, except that there exists a fear on the part of the Foreign-office of any claim by Dr. Wolff on them for his extraordinary services. We believe we should not be wrong in saying that THAT is the key to all this indisposition to consult the only person who could furnish them with the required information: and we demand to know, whether on the return of Dr. Wolff from Bokhara, Lord Aberdeen either *sent for him* or *sent to him* to obtain the information required by the Wyburd family, or for the *true particulars* of the Stoddart and Conolly affair! We could give a reply, we think, and one that would redound but little to the credit, the intelligence, and the feelings of the persons who conduct that portion of Her Majesty's

government. Surely, if the barbarian, Tatar Timur, felt himself interested in *mere inquiries* about foreign places, Lord Aberdeen might be slightly curious to know what Dr. Wolff had discovered about the murdered envoys. Surely, an intelligent minister, knowing that "*non cuius attigit adire Bokhara*," might naturally have had some doubts that required solution as to the conduct and policy of a sovereign, that Colonel Sheil, the resident at Teheraun, is evidently remarkably shy of approaching! Surely, it would have been a graceful deed to have thanked Dr. Wolff for doing what they *dared* not send another envoy to do, or instruct the resident at Teheraun to *attempt*. Really, these things will lead us to imagine that Lord Aberdeen keeps only a *public* conscience, and that he is totally impenetrable to any evidence but an *official despatch*. Recently in the House, in a matter as plain as the sun at noon-day, the affair of the martyred Basilian nuns, he gravely told the House that the affair, if true, was grossly exaggerated. But on what grounds? Why, because *official* details did not confirm it. Who could produce official details but the Czar! Was he likely to do so! Or was Boutineff better informed than the unfortunate nuns, whose superior published her heart-appalling statement! Shortly we shall have no truth except *official truth*. Nothing but what is gazetted will be believed; and then what a gazette must the Foreign-office issue! No omissions, no Persia gazetted as Bokhara, no carelessness, no sluggishness, but every proceeding will partake of the laws of unerring exactitude and official promptitude. Really, this is too bad! Here is a minister, whose office might have obtained many months' previous information adequate to the satisfaction of the anxious relatives of a murdered agent of government, permitting the only person who could furnish it to leave the country; then not seeking to arrive at it to satisfy his own feelings, but referring the family to a private source of information, and tacitly owning that the last place in which a relative is likely to hear of the death, or life, of one of its own employés, is the Foreign-office! We must confess that this is more than pitiable—it is actually reducing a department of a great government to far below the ordinary counter-intelligence of a merchant, and we fearlessly venture to assert that no private firm would have neglected, in the same degree that we have shown above, the meanest of its servants.

The case of the captives on the Island of Arguin was one of similar neglect, and government was in that, as in the Bokhara affair, brushed up into some decent demonstration of activity by the indefatigable Captain Grover. But every one of these unfortunate men who were seized by the Moors on that coast would have perished, had they waited for government to release them. And now we learn that Colonel Sheil is fully instructed to inquire duly into all particulars about Lieutenant Wyburd!!! We have heard *ex post facto* legislation strongly condemned; we pronounce a much stronger malediction on *ex post facto* inquiries about people, when earlier interest in their behalf would have doubtless preserved them. We say these things in no bitterness, we are well-known supporters of the government policy; even now we bide the brunt of their general policy, but Heaven defend us from any praise of the promptitude, efficiency, or activity of our Eastern diplomacy in Bokhara.

But we have as yet touched only the *master*: we now proceed to the *man*.

During the stay of Dr. Wolff at Malines, where he obtained a chaplaincy, value £25 per annum, on his return from Bokhara, the following epistle reached him from the Envoy at Teheraun, Colonel Sheil :

"Sir, *"Camp, near Tehran, August 13, 1845.*

"I have obtained authority from the government of India, to reimburse you the amount you expended at Bokhara in recovering a letter from the governor-general of India to the ruler of that country which had not reached its destination. I accordingly transmit to you a draft for 57*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, being the equivalent of one hundred tillahs.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JUSTIN SHEIL."

Dr. Wolff claims for himself, and we think justly, some credit for obtaining this letter, which our Envoy at Teheraun had in vain attempted, by publishing a reward, to procure; but as he did not quite feel himself in the position to be put in the light of an accomplice of Colonel Sheil's friend, Abdul Samut Khan, in all or any portion of the Kuzzilbash's villany, he declined receiving this munificent reward. The following was his reply :

"Sir, *"Malines, October 13, 1845.*

"I have received yesterday your kind letter with the enclosed draft, authorizing me to draw one hundred tillahs for the recovery of Lord Ellenborough's letter. As these said hundred tillahs were one of those items against which I protested when at Teheraun, and again when sent to me to London last May; as neither myself nor Abdul Samut Khan, to whose good offices I was recommended by you on my journey to Bokhara, paid one single farthing for the above mentioned letter, which was given to me by order of the Ameer of Bokhara as a present to me, I cannot make use of the draft you kindly forwarded to me by order of the government of India, as I am not disposed to reward the assassin Abdul Samut Khan for having committed the murder of Colonel Stoddart and my friend Conolly, Captain Wyburd, and others. You will therefore be pleased to return the enclosed draft to the government of India, and also permit me, for my own justification, to publish this present correspondence. And you would also oblige me if you could give me any information about the 3,300 rupees from India which you were empowered to draw, not one farthing of which has ever reached this country, whilst you are aware that Abdul Samut Khan made me pay for the transport of his property from Bokhara to Meshed, brought there upon eight camels, for all my effects were scarce enough for a little donkey; so that I am now, by my journey to Bokhara, 400*l.* out of cash.

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

We think Dr. Wolff took up a dignified position in refusing to receive this money, for the letter in question was the property not of Dr. Wolff, but of the Stoddart and Conolly committee, who furnished him with the funds to reach Bokhara. Government holds this letter in their hands at the present moment, for Colonel Sheil obtained a sight of it from Dr. Wolff at Teheraun, and then kept it, claiming it for the government. So that the exertions of Dr. Wolff are seized on by the government, and made available, official, or what you will, when he recovers this important letter, and another valuable document of Sir Richmond Shakespeare. De-

spite the gift of the king of Bokhara to Dr. Wolff, the former is claimed by government; but when the question comes of rewarding the agent, Dr. Wolff is placed on a level with the meanest Usbeck or Kuzzilbash, and assigned a reward that has very much the aspect of a design to treat him in the light of a common informer. Dr. Wolff is not rich, but poor: still he is not bankrupt in integrity, nor one likely to weigh for an instant gold with honor. We hardly know which party we are most ashamed of in this mean transaction, the East India Company or the government. Does the recovery of an important letter from the Sirkar of Hind deserve no more decent acknowledgment from the merchant-princes than this? Is the possession of a document which government exhibits remarkable shyness in producing, and still more dislike in publishing, valued at 100 tillahs! Could not the East India Company and the government manage to club together, and for their mutual credit's sake offer something more than 100 tillahs?

It is quite refreshing to see that the small governments look better after their missing subjects than the larger. The exertions of Dr. Wolff drew the attention of the Austrian government to the fate of a poor watch-maker, Giovanni Orlando, who is detained at Bokhara. Russia, *not England*, is deputed to look him up, since we are thought to require a pair of Persian spectacles to see Bokhara; and Russia keeps a bright look out, and is fond of being considered the only power of any influence in Persia or the Usbeck States. In fact, she can see Bokhara without the aid of glasses. Dr. Wolff evidently thinks so, as the following passage will evince:

"It is highly gratifying to me to perceive that the most insignificant states of Europe are determined on rescuing from the tyranny of the Ameer the meanest subject that claims from them citizenship. I cannot but contrast the bold remonstrance of other governments with the timid assertion of power on the part of England; nor can I avoid remarking, that although the Ameer has murdered with impunity three English envoys, yet has he never ventured on measures of this character with Boutinieff, the Russian envoy, (despite of Abdul Samut Khan, who wished to execute him also,) or any officers of that country. I further trace to these weak measures of our Oriental policy the alienation of Persia from our influence, and the hold Russia has, and evidently means to keep there. All these recent arrangements, to our decided disadvantage, are the result of a want of firmness on the English government, which quietly suffers Turkey and Persia to sink into vassalage to the Czar. And what are these countries but stepping-stones to India! My prediction in my first edition relative to the annexation of the Punjab bids fair to be speedily realized, if pounds, shillings, and pence are not too much taken into consideration, and if the first man in the east, the great Sir Charles Napier, is made commander-in-chief." (pp. 488, 489.)

Sir Charles Napier is evidently Dr. Wolff's idol. We doubt not the valor of the conqueror of Sinde; we share proudly in the praise of our countryman, who goes by the name of "the Rustam of the east;" but few actions, even of Sir Charles Napier, have exhibited more determined gallantry than our recent victories over the Sikhs; and the names of Hardinge, Gough, and Smith will well mate with even the warrior-pride of the gallant conqueror of Sinde. The Indus and the Ganges will now mutually contribute to the proud extent

of English prowess and commerce, and may the instruments of peace and civilization follow on the warrior's way!

The intrigues that led to the Affghaun war, which was introductory to this last terrible affair with the Sikhs, are well exposed by Dr. Wolff; and the Nayeib of Bokhara, Abdul Samut Khan, is shown to have been at the bottom of every movement adverse to British interest. How the rascally Kuzzilbash must have laughed in his sleeve to think, that while he was carrying on his wholesale system of murder, treachery, and deceit, he yet remained the very good friend of Colonel Sheil! However, to prevent any further mistake about this personage, we extract the following from a correspondent of Sir Claude Martin Wade, our resident at Lahore; and now let Colonel Sheil and Lord Aberdeen keep the friendship of the Kuzzilbash to themselves, for few Englishmen will be disposed to participate in the league.

"3rd August, 1837.

"Since the arrival of Muhammed Akbar Khan, he has had several interviews with Abdul Samut Khan, as have Mirza Sami Khan and others, and I should not be surprised that the Persian, before his departure, may have concocted with them some extraordinary plan. He takes his companions with him, but one of them, who calls himself Shah Sahib, is to return from Bokhara."

This earless ruffian we can prove (from a mass of papers before us, too long to publish) to have been driven by Yar Muhammed Khan from his court, next by Dost Muhammed from his Durbar, further that he was expelled by Sir Claude Martin Wade from Peshawr, and yet is it not improbable that he will shortly take up his residence at Teheraun, as Bokhara will also grow too hot to hold him. But if he should chance to take refuge there, a million Sheils shall not prevent our wreaking on that detestable Kuzzilbash full vengeance for our murdered countrymen. And this is the man who is placing out his money at high interest with Colonel Sheil, and procuring from him every possible indulgence! But the wretch did not escape Dr. Wolff, who says of him—

"I have warned the resident at Teheraun, our various consuls on my route, my noble friend Sir Stratford Canning, and the Foreign-office against this miscreant; and next to propagating good, is the clear denouncement of evil." (p. 494.)

And now we must bring our brief sketch to a close; and if Dr. Wolff appears to occupy a prominent place in our columns, we do not regret it, but hail it as an acquisition peculiarly advantageous to any review. By him and Lord Brougham we have been indulged with their lucubrations before they reached the public eye, and we have been enabled to present our readers with the same. Two more extraordinary men the wide world sees not. In amplitude of reading, in breadth of view, in reach and scope, however different their paths, they are unrivalled. We cannot conclude these remarks without quoting one other passage from Dr. Wolff:—

"Many have observed that I have been badly requited, and that this ought to deter me and all others from such Quixotism in future; but I deny the inference. I have given such proofs to my Jewish friends of my sincerity of belief, as I may say without boasting no other Jewish convert has

yet done. Independent of this, my nation saw that the Jew was prepared to risk his life to save the Gentile; and further, this mission has been a practical preaching of the gospel to the Sublime Porte, to the court of Persia, to the descendants of Ghengis Khan and Timur; and Youssuf Wolff and his Bible is as well known in the world, as the opposite principle in Wellington and the cannons of Waterloo.

"I cannot conclude these remarks without once more recommending the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and the British and Foreign Bible Society to the British public; for unless the engines of peace over all the earth accompany the progress of Sir Henry Hardinge and all other armies, the nations will think we love blood, and recoil with horror from our path. But if the great practical issue of the Messiah's kingdom be pointed out, 'Peace on earth, good will among men,' we shall then scarce need the amiable efforts of a peace society, but all the nations feel as brethren, and form one holy bond of union. It is on Christian elements alone that this can be effected. Muhammed could not do it—he took the opposite principle for union; Menu could not do it; Brahma and Buddha could not do it; but Christ has in part already effected this, and a distaste for war is perceptible amid nations; all are now, in fact, pouring their common contributions without jealousy in each other's bosoms, and all will become enriched, I trust, by a mutual interchange of the nobler gifts of thought, of holiness, and sanctification." (pp. 494—496.)

And to the full force of this we give our hearty concurrence. We are rejoiced to find Dr. Wolff located among us in an English county, with a truly English heart. We wish him full and ample success as an Anglican Presbyterian. His position can never in England be other than a proud one. He has become a national benefactor. If he has received of our country one of her noblest born to wife, he has shown himself, by nobility of soul, fit to mate with (we were going to say) the Empress Catherine herself. But with all his strong Russian predilections, Dr. Wolff might consider this no compliment. The English people admire his learning, his bonhomie, his rapid assimilation to their ideas and habits. He is rooted in our soil by predilection and connexion; and we trust that England will yet show that she has prizes open to something better than commercial enterprise, cunning diplomacy, or warrior might—the peaceful rewards that enable us here to compose ourselves, sheltered from the storm of worldly trouble and vexation for the all holy hereafter.

LORD, since these woeful wars began, one, formerly mine intimate acquaintance, is now turned a stranger, yea, an enemy. Teach me how to behave myself towards him. Must the new foe quite jostle out the old friend? May I not with him continue some commerce of kindness? Though the amity be broken on his side, may not I preserve my counterpart entire? Yet how can I be kind to him without being cruel to myself and thy cause? O guide my shaking hand, to draw so small a line straight; or rather, because I know not how to carry myself towards him in this controversy, even be pleased to take away the subject of the question, and speedily to reconcile these unnatural differences.—*Fuller*.

THE POLITICAL SERENADERS.

As matters seem to be just now rather flat in the political world, we strongly recommend the formation of a party of political serenaders, who might prove almost as attractive as the Ethiopians. The old nigger peculiarity of wheeling about and turning about, has been practised so long by politicians, that it has ceased to excite either wonder or interest, and there is nothing now left but quiet melody, of which we have much pleasure in affording two or three specimens.

We will commence with the song of SMITH O'BRIEN, which might very well be sung to the admired air of—

"JIM ALONG JOSEY."

I'm from the House of Commons, you all must know,

Where to a Railway Committee I refused to go.
At the Saxons I did defiance fling,
And turned a deaf ear when I heard them sing,
Hey, come along, come along Smithey,
Hey, come along, come along Smith.

Once old O'Connell was all de go,
Till he found him rival in Brien—Smith O;
Now poor old Smith dey have put him to bed,
With the top of a cellar over him head;
Oh, Jim along, Jim along Smithey,
Hey, Jim along, Jim along Smith.

That I should be a martyr, I expected soon,
But I find dey only tink me a kind of pantaloons;
I thought they'd call me a fine old feller,
But they've shoved me down in de nasty cellar.
Hey, Jim along, Jim along Smithey,
Hey, Jim along, Jim along Smith.

Oh! I'm de bold O'Brien, dat don't mind my troubles,
Because I know they'll burst very soon, like bubbles;

But when one's ambitious, 't is hard, you know,
To be compared to "the donkey what would n't go."

Hey, Jim along, Jim along Smithey,
Hey, Jim along, Jim along Smith.

We will conclude our selection of Political Serenades with one written to be sung by a sort of agricultural Ethiopian, formerly attached to, but now jilted by, the premier. The situation at once suggests the delicious air of—

"LUCY NEAL."

Come, all you members, old and young, and listen to my song,

I'll tell you of a sad affair, I won't detain you long.
When I did vote 'gainst sugar bills, to make old Russell wheel,

I did it for the sake of one, whose name is Robert Peel.

O! clever Robert Peel—so sharp was Robert Peel;

Oh! when I had him at my side, how happy I did feel!

His conduct seemed quite handsome, his conduct seemed quite fair;

If you could see him as he was, I'm sure you now would stare.

I had a rival in my love—the Anti-Corn-Law League:

I little thought to fight with him would cause me such fatigue.

Oh! clever Robert Peel—faithless Robert Peel;

As long as you were on my side, how happy did I feel!

I courted fickle Robert; he sought companions new;

And, oh! you won't believe that such a thing he'd do.

But to the League he went, because it made a rout,
And quickly in its favor he turned quite round about.

Oh! naughty Peel—too bad of Robert Peel;
If I could have him on my side, how happy I should feel!

Soon Robert swore his innocence, and I believed all true;

And I forgave his fault once more, as I'd forgiven two.

I hope you'll not make fun of us for having had some strife,

Because I've been accustomed to be his slave for life.

Oh! Robert Peel—clever Robert Peel;
'T is only when I'm on your side that happy I can feel.

Punch.

INDENTURE.—A legal deed: from *in*, and *dens*, a tooth—a derivation showing that it is an instrument by which the law sticks its teeth pretty sharply into him who has to pay for it.—*Punch.*

LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.—A Repeal paper, speaking of O'Connell, says, "He's the very man for Ireland's money."—*Punch.*

THE AMERICAN PULSE.

[From the National Intelligencer of 4th June.]

NOTHING can be unhappier, nothing more fatal than for nations, between whom a needless difficulty has sprung up, to check the return of a good understanding—perhaps, even, to give rise to a new irritation—by splenetic utterances, on either part, of imputations upon the motives which urge the other to peace. Calmly viewed, such conduct is as senseless as it is bad: it is a crime not only against all fairness and the spirit of that sacred thing between men and nations, GOOD-WILL—good-will, the very message of God to mankind—but a shocking offence against common prudence. "Let there be peace between us," is always a blessed word, implying a willingness to be just; for that is the foundation of all real peace. They who speak that word are always, therefore, entitled to be looked on as the good; and to tell them in return that it is only *fear* that makes them utter it, is to accuse and to outrage all good intentions, and do all you can to drive from you by contumely that very party of the just and moderate of whose aid you have the greatest need among the adverse nation.

In our pending controversy with England, a conduct of this sort has, almost from the beginning, been abundantly practised by certain men among ourselves—busy, but by no means numerous; stir-

rears-up of strife on all sides; keen for universal quarrel, as if they themselves were sure heroes whenever anything of that kind could be gotten up. This sagacious, worthy, and useful sort of counsellors make haste to forward their own policy of broils by declaring, as soon as an unnecessary difficulty has been hatched, and the English government and people show themselves averse to it, that it is only because Great Britain is *afraid and unable* to fight us, and *must* therefore give way, that she exhibits this pacific humor. As if this was not the most dishonorable, as well as dangerous, of all arguments among a brave or against a respectable people, this body of public advisers resists all that moderation with which nations must now assert even their clearest rights, and would have us push to immediate extremity every claim, however extravagant, that anybody has ever ventured to set up for us. In a word, they would drive us on to vindicate even doubtful claims by a headlong violence such as civilized men no longer use towards each other, even where their cause is the clearest; and, as if studiously to take away from the adverse party all possibility of not accepting the insane quarrel, and as if a fight, and a fight only, was the object, they stand up and tell that opponent and the world that he *dare* not come to blows, no matter what we do or say to him.

In spite, however, of these admirable guides in what is just, expedient, and brave, the good sense of the country, rallied at last where it has so often before made its firm stand, prevails; and a measure meant to be entirely pacific and right is adopted. It goes forth to England; and forthwith—as if merely to demonstrate that she too is not destitute of men unfit for public councils—some of the public journals there, the interpreters of the headlong of that country, hasten to echo, with only a changed name, what has been said on this side the water, and to proclaim that, if the United States have now sent a message of peace, it is *fear* only that has dictated it. Witness the following, from one of the leading London papers, received by the Great Britain:

"Though we do not profess implicit faith in American declarations, it seems likely enough that the American Government is now disposed to renew negotiations. At the date of the resolution [of "Notice," as amended by the Senate] our ill-tempered kingmen beyond the Atlantic had probably just received intelligence of the glorious success of our armies in Asia, and of the triumphant termination of the war—an event which, inasmuch as it leaves us unembarrassed and free to act with effect, is of considerable importance to a calculating nation like America."—*London Morning Herald*.

Now, we trust, and have reason to trust, that they who in England start the opinion that whatever of calm and right, and conciliatory, is done in this country, is due to American "calculation"—that is, *fear*—are just as few as have been among ourselves the leaders who supposed England's prudence and good temper to be the effect of intimidation and conscious weakness. But, in either country, such men are dangerous out of all proportion to their numbers or their usual influence; for in a public controversy it is easy to irritate, difficult to sooth; and national prejudices and passions lead

themselves as aptly to the former work as soberer considerations do slowly to the latter.

Greatly, let England be assured, do they err who deem, as the Herald does, that Jonathan's temper is that of "calculation"—of a very special caution and long-headedness in questions like this, or, indeed, in his public affairs generally. In matters individual, he has the "Ready Reckoner" at his finger-ends; but in public things he is far enough from being, like Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician. There he counts costs and profits exceedingly little, or not at all, until the consequences are upon him and the bills to be "footed." We are young, and youth is the age of confidence and courage the most presumptuous; we are hearty, full of lustiness, and therefore not afraid of irregularities and excesses, which commonwealths of an older frame would hesitate at; out of our surplus of public happiness we have so much more to spare than other nations, that waste it we will. Rich and young heirs will squander their estates a good deal more recklessly than people in the decline of life are wont to do. As to fear, Jonathan knows very little about it as a politician. He holds Constitutions dearer than his life; but he is not afraid to infringe them at any vagary of theory or of party. Of a King he has a great horror; but call him an Executive, and Jonathan has been at times willing to sustain his more than royal exertion of prerogative power. Our institutions seem so much a happy chance, our fortunes so much the gift of Providence, that, almost pardonably, we have really learnt to think that as a people we can hardly be hurt, either by others, by ourselves, or (worst of all) by rulers, however unfit to be trusted.

Nor are we without positive causes for that extreme security as to external danger in which we indulge. No neighboring Powers threaten us; no debt as yet incumbers our General Government. We have great States, which, whether within or without the reach of strife, are easily kindled, through all their adventurous youth, to the sound of arms. Let Senates debate on an Atlantic border reflect ever so much, their "voice is still for war," and that voice is of many votes. Who can better afford to lose fleets, or armies, or crops, or money, or towns (building them as we do in a year) than we? Our fortifications are falling to pieces of themselves; need we fear, then, their demolition? As to our foreign commerce, we are very little dependant on it; and its ruin for a few years would not hurt us half as much as the loss of her trade with us alone would hurt England.

In a word, we assure the Herald that neither fear nor prudence, except the legitimate fear and prudence of the good and wise, who estimate the duties and the sacredness of peace and justice, has led to the temper and the decision which gave of late the qualified form to the notice sent to England—a qualification ratified by the voice throughout our land of all its steadier people; who, innocent of the quarrelling and ashamed of the boasting that have been done, are the very last to dread a contest, because the last to engage in any but one that has ample, unavoidable cause. When the nation acts on *their* views and feelings, its decision should be welcomed with sympathy and applause.

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